THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4777. PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, MAY 28, 1900. PRICE 2 CENTS

Bicycle Riders and Golf Players, Attention.

We offer from the importation of Messrs. Taylor & Lord of New York, some of the finest examples of high-class Golf Hose at about one-half regular prices, viz: **50c.** *and* **$1.00** *per pair, worth* **75c, $1.50 and $175.**

Also strong assortment of Golf and Bicycle Suits at **$5.00, $6.50, $7.50, $8.50,** *a third under real value.*

HENRY PEYSER & SON.

LAWN MOWERS

ALL SIZES

AT

A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S

2 MARKET SQUARE.

BICYCLES.

A Great Assortment Of

Chain and Chainless Wheels.

CLEVELAND, WOLFF AMERICAN, STERLING, CRESCENT, B. & D. SPECIAL, WESTFIELDS, COPLEYS, WOLERVINES. Also the FAY JUVENILE LINE.

See The **CLEVELAND CHAINLESS,**

The Lightest And Easiest Running.

A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SUNDRIES.

RIDER & COTTON.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

JOHN S. TILTON'S

Congress Street.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

Gray & Prime

DELIVER

COAL

IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE

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CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham (successor to S. S. Fletcher) 50 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN

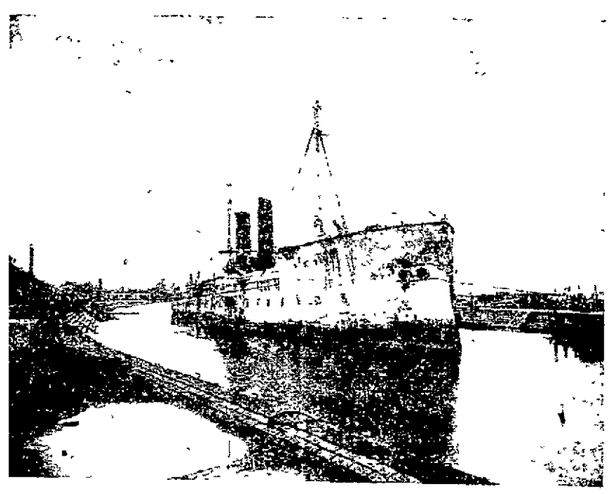
REINA MERCEDES.

She Will Start For Portsmouth In June.

Upon Her Arrival Here She Will Be Converted Into a Receiving Ship

Orders Issued For Her To Be Towed Here, On Saturday.

Assistant Secretary Frank W. Hackett has sent orders to the Norfolk navy yard to get the Reina Mercedes ready to start for Portsmouth, N. H., at once. She will leave there some time in June in tow of a tug and she will be used as a station ship here.



THE REINA MERCEDES.

The orders were issued on Saturday so the *Chronicle* is informed and upon her arrival here she will be converted into a receiving ship.

It is quite likely that she will be anchored near Pumpkin island and so moored as not to interfere with the docking facilities of the yard.

STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

The Old Home Week association at Kensington meet Tuesday evening at the town hall.

The section men of the Concord and Manchester branch of the Boston & Maine road have been granted an increase of 5 per cent in their pay.

The annual memorial service of Squamscott lodge, Knights of Pythias of Exeter will be held on Sunday, June 17. Dr. J. Alonzo Green will be the orator.

The funeral services of George G. Cutler, son of Landlord John G. Cutler of the Sea View, were held at Hampton beach, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Burial was at Hampton.

The fourth annual competition for the Harriet M. Merrill prizes for excellence in composition and discussion at the Robinson Female seminary will take place in the Exeter town hall on Thursday evening.

Deputies George A. Wragg of Somerville, Mass., and Harlan A. Brown of Boston will address meetings held by Exeter lodge, A. O. U. W., in Stratham on June 6 and in Hampton on the following evening.

New Hampshire pensions—Renewal, Charles D. Tuttle, dead, Epping, $6; increase, George F. Smith, Concord, $12; Norman Howe, Hinsdale, $14; special, May 14, John Walker, Concord, $12; original widows, etc., Mary S. Tuttle, Epping, $8; original widows, special, accrued, May 14, Olive N. Hall, Dover, $8.

Memorial day will see the opening to the public of the Ocean house, the new sixty room hotel erected by the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury street railway at Hampton beach, which is a valuable addition to the institutions at that resort. The hotel is a large building, L shaped and is two and one-half stories, its architecture harmonizing with that of adjoining company buildings.

The Memorial day oration at Hampton will be delivered by ex Mayor Charles A. Scott of Lowell, Mass., a leading cottager at Little Boar's Head, at the town hall in the afternoon. In the morning, Perkins post will decorate the graves of departed veterans in Hampton. In the evening "Living Pictures of the Civil War" will be presented at the town hall. Military tableaux, drills, songs and recitations will make up the program.

GOSSIP OF LOCAL SPORTS.

The fourth game in the city base ball league series was played on the Lookout diamond, Saturday afternoon, with the High school and the Unity club as opposing teams. The game was the closest which has been played in Portsmouth this season, and both teams showed up to better advantage than in in any of their previous games.

The Wapanagos, Woods Brothers, Maplewoods and Piscataquas have each played and won a game in the city base ball league, and consequently are able to claim a percentage of 1000. The High school team has played two games and lost one, and have 500 per cent to their credit, while the Marines and the Unity club have each played and lost two games and for the present at least, have nothing but goose eggs to show. It appears probable that one of the two first mentioned teams will be on top at the close of the season, although either the Maplewoods or the Piscataquas may land the coveted honor.

The next games in the city league series will be played Memorial day, the Woods Brothers and Wapanagos coming together in the morning, while the Maplewoods and Piscataquas will measure strength in the afternoon. The latter game will probably be played on the Lookout diamond.

Cuppy, the new pitcher of the Boston team, began his National league career in a most auspicious manner Saturday, and would appear to be a valuable addition to Selee's pitching staff.

The boys of the Delapoon club are playing tennis; everyone else appears to be playing base ball.

Some people are wondering if the Woods Brothers local league nine and the Portsmouth southern New Hampshire league team are one and the same.

The golf players of the Delapoon club have merged themselves with the Navy Yard Golf club, and the links back of the Lookout have been abandoned.

The interest in wheels and wheeling has increased 100 per cent since the organization of the Portsmouth Bicycle club.

The P. B. C. boys would like to match their long distance rider, Charlie Woods, against some other local fast man, for a five mile unpaced pursuirace. A race between Woods and Churchill should be an interesting contest.

It has been two years since a man, out on the road of a Sunday afternoon, met as many wheelmen and wheelwomen as he did Sunday, May 26.

THE AMATEUR.

FOUR CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES WRITE FOR THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE.

The *New Hampshire Gazette* will on Thursday contain half tone portraits of General Stephen H. Gale of Exeter, Dr. J. Alonzo Greene of The Weirs, Colonel R. N. Elwell of Exeter and Hon. Stephen S. Jewett of Laconia, and a story from their own pens setting forth their individual claims for the support of the republicans of the first district. The article will be of great interest to the people throughout the state.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.—No equal for Constipation.

CHURCH NOTES.

Mr. W. W. McIntire is expected to begin his duties as organist at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, next Sunday.

Rev. James Hocart of Brussels, Belgium, a missionary to the seventy fifth Unitarian convention, now in session in Boston, occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church on Sunday forenoon.

The subject of Rev. Clarence M. Seamens of the Advent Christian church on Sunday afternoon was "The Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus." In the evening there was an interesting gospel service.

Rev. Robert L. Duston, pastor of the Pearl street Baptist church, preached a sermon on Sunday morning, upon "What God is; What He Gives and to Whom." In the evening the subject was "The Rise of the Sun of Righteousness."

The recent conference at the Methodist church in Kittery was the largest that has been held for years and more interest was manifested than has been seen for a long time. The result was highly gratifying to those interested in church work.

The Rockingham Christian conference will be held at the Christian church in North Hampton next Thursday and Friday. Those from this vicinity who will take part are Rev. E. C. Hall, Rev. Myron Tyler, Rev. D. C. Loucks and John Williams.

The Rev. Henry Emerson Hovey exchanged pulpits on Sunday with Rev. J. P. Robinson, rector of St. Thomas' Episcopal church of Dover. Rev. Mr. Robinson delivered an address at St. John's on diocesan missions at the morning service, followed by an offertory for that purpose.

At the Second Christian church in Kittery on Sunday morning, the members of E. G. Parker Post, G. A. R., attended service in a body. The veterans met at their headquarters and marched to the church, where seats were reserved for them. There was an appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. E. C. Hall.

The Sunday service at the Universalist church was attended by Storer post, G. A. R., Storer Relief corps, No 6, General Gilman Marston command, U. V. U., and Harriet P. Dame union, U. V. U. Myrtle Cook, in behalf of the Farragut school, presented Storer post, G. A. R., with a wreath at the services.

Rev. Dr. J. Francis Robinson, a noted colored divine of Cambridge, Mass., who came here endorsed by Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Tremont Temple and Prof. Booker T. Washington, preached at the Sunday evening services at the People's church and this Monday evening will deliver a lecture upon "The Southern Outlook." Dr. Robinson has just returned from a visit to Alabama and Georgia. There will be a grand gramophone concert and a musical program before the lecture and a portion of the proceeds will go to the benefit of the church. A small admission fee will be charged.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

A bad stench comes from the flats on the dry dock site.

Most of the caulkers completed their work on Saturday.

There are at present ten sailmakers employed on the yard.

The crib for the traveling cranes on the dry dock site has been completed.

Considerable cement is being used in patching the sides of the Monongahela.

A fifty-foot draining well is being sunk near the the rigging loft building on the dry dock site.

The Seavey's island bridge has been repaired by the dry dock contractors and they will retain it for their use.

Chief Boatswain Patrick Haley, U. S. N., who left here on the Potomac, is now in the hospital at Newport, R. I.

All of the officers on the Monongahela claim that there is work which would require two months to complete that is absolutely necessary.

BASEBALL.

The High schools and Unities played a very interesting game in the City league series at the bicycle park on Saturday afternoon. Both teams put up an almost errorless game and batted well. The High school were victors by the close score of nine to eight. Gardner and Brown was the battery for the High schools, while Ernest, Poole and Staples officiated in the points for the Unities.

ADMIRAL HICHBORN AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The San Francisco call of May 21st, contains a fine half tone picture of Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn accompanied by an interesting sketch of the navy and also of the admiral, in honor of his visit there. The following will be of local interest: Mrs. Hichborn is making her first visit to California and is delighted with the prospect. She says she feels no ill effects from her journey across the continent. Yesterday her apartments at the Palace were filled with choice cut flowers. Many friends and acquaintances called to pay their respects and Mrs. Hichborn proved a charming hostess. She is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to a journey homeward by way of Portland and Victoria, over the Canadian Pacific to Duluth and down to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic seaboard. Tomorrow Rear Admiral Hichborn will visit the Union Iron Works and inspect the battleships under construction there. He will not go to Mare Island until one week from today. The admiral will probably spend a fortnight in and about San Francisco.

WITH THE THEATRICAL FOLK.

The Barnum-Bailey circus exploited itself in Hamburg by paying the street railway company $5000 to stop all their cars during the five hours of a parade. Germany has never had a tent show and this one is amazing the people with its size and methods.

Contributions amounting to about $30,000 have been made in three days to the fund for building an actors' home in New York. Among the largest subscribers are Al. Hayman, $10,000; Charles Frohman, $5,000; Maurice Grau, William H. Crane, Joseph Jefferson, Daniel Frohman and Francis Wilson, $1,000 each.

A mother and son impersonating sweethearts was a stage sight in Montreal. The leading actress of a company playing At the White Horse Tavern was taken ill and Ida Jeffries Goodfriend was traveling with her son, Douglas J. Wood, the young lover of the comedy, and she appeared as a substitute in the role of his inamorata.

Like to Show Their Money.

An official of a bank in Tennessee says: "The German farmers of the mountains nearly all have a deposit in our bank, which ranges from a small amount to several thousand dollars. The deposit is a time one that we pay interest on, and generally once in two years they draw all of their money out and take it home. In a week or ten days they return with their money, which they deposit again. Their reason for this is explained by the fact that they desire to take their money home and show it to their families as an evidence that they have it."—New York Tribune.

Mending China.

It is said that one of the best known cements for mending fine china is the white oil paint sold in tubes. Squeeze the paint out and mend the articles as soon as possible after they are broken. Paint the edges of the break with the white oil paint and press them securely together. Put the article carefully away to dry for at least six weeks, when it is said that moisture, heat or cold will not affect the cement. Carefully scrape off all excess of paint.

No Doubt He Thought So.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," exclaimed Mr. Clingstone ecstatically to Miss Bellingham.

"You must think that I have liquid eyes," replied Miss Bellingham.—Detroit Free Press.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

SILENCE ON WARSHIPS.

The Absence of Noise Lends Efficiency to the Service.

In an address delivered before the American Medical association, Passed Assistant Surgeon J. A. Guthrie of the United States navy made some very interesting remarks on the subject of "Noise and Nerves," speaking of the great value of silence on board the modern man-of-war. He said:

"In certain landlocked harbors I have heard the inhabitants complaining of tugs and other noisy boats blowing off their whistles, especially those known as calliopes. The would be waggishness or to what purpose desire of these tug captains deserves a compensation suited to the perpetrator. Have not the cartoonists discovered the tired and irritated visitor from the provinces, racking his brains in the uproarious city, unable to collect his faculties, and has the father, night shirted and capped, marching the colicky infant in the small hours of the night, escaped this artist's humorous vein?

"All these things call to light the necessity for a scientific investigation of useless noise. In a few cities it has been proposed passing an ordinance against the ringing of church bells—this may to some disturb the "day of rest"—but why not include in this an ordinance for weekdays, the shouting of street hawkers, the clanking of other varieties of bells, the steam whistle of the factory? How much better is the silent signal, both in war and in peace. Take the popular football game, and we find that the teams under better control are those who have mastered the silent signals of command.

"One reason the modern war vessel is so deadly may be said to be because it is absolutely as accurate as a floating battery can be. And is not the cause of this accuracy due in great measure to the silent commands sent from the conning tower by the captain to each of his subordinates, shut off from him and each other by walls of steel? When an order is indicated upon a dial manipulated by electric transmission one receives the same in a tranquil state of mind, but if the order is shouted at him by one, two, three or more in rapid succession (as of yore), then there is excuse for confusion."—New York Telegram.

THE RESTFUL CALM OF HOME.

Nothing Keeps Us Younger or So Smooths Out Our Trials.

"It is high time that our women should lead calmer lives," writes Edward Bok of "The Rush of American Women" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They should get away from the notion that what we call 'progress' in these days demands that they shall fill their thoughts and lives with matters at the cost of their health or peace of mind. Our homes must have more of a restful calm, and our wives must not be lured into nervous haste and forgetfulness by wrong ambitions or foolish ideas of what the world expects of them.

"There must be left to every woman a clearly defined interval of leisure for the enjoyment of those influences which make our firesides homes of rest and places of satisfying and uplifting calm. It is a pardonable failing to have a pride in the beautiful things which our homes contain, but we must not let that feeling take the place of the influence the home itself exerts on those who make it or live in it. Let us live in and know our own homes, and get the advantage of that restful calm, than which nothing keeps us younger or more surely smooths out the trials of the day. If mothers will be calmer we shall see our girls becoming less nervous and more restful.

"Every home should have a central figure of restful tranquillity. Then would the influence go out to the children. But that can only be done by getting away from the confusing rush of too many duties, by arranging our lives so as to have time for hearthlight rest, by being at leisure with ourselves, by keeping the work of the home inside and the world outside within boundaries, by giving ourselves time to measure labor with its results, by looking into ourselves and seeing what and how much we can do for others. Tranquillity is a priceless possession to either man or woman. It is worth many a sacrifice to enjoy it and to gain that freeness of heart which will enable us to drink deep and long of love and home."

Well Paid.

"Will you take this here woman for better or wuss an' give me $2 for marryin' of you?" was the unique manner in which a Georgia justice addressed a man.

"I'll take the woman, but blame me if I have the $2," replied the groom. The justice of the peace took a kiss from the bride for his fee. And it was richly worth $3 too.—Dublin (Ga.) Dispatch.

Knew He Was Not Guilty.

"Madam, your husband has been arrested for arson."

"Impossible! Why, he never started a fire in his life."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

AT

DUNCAN'S,

5 Market St.

Our OXFORDS are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from $1.25 to $5.00.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

CROSS THE VAAL RIVER

Roberts' Advance Force Now on Transvaal Territory.

THE FREE STATE CONQUERED

No Armed Burghers Reported South of the Vaal River—Work Is Unimpeded In the Local Mines.

London, May 26.—It is officially announced that the British have crossed the Vaal river. The war office has received the following dispatch from Lord Roberts, dated Wolve Hoek, Orange Free State:

"An advanced portion of this force crossed the Vaal river on the queen's birthday near Pary's. Hamilton's column is at Boschbank. Our scouts are now at Viljoen's Drift, on the frontier north of Wolve Hoek. The local mines are uninjured, and work is going on as usual. There is no enemy this side of the river. Hunter reached Vryburg May 24."

As anticipated, the first news from Lord Roberts after his long silence was the announcement that the British had crossed the Vaal river. This is probably General Hutton's column, which crossed at Pary's, and may be expected to make a dash at the railroad in the neighborhood of Potchefstroom, whence there is direct communication with Johannesburg. General Hamilton's column is at Boschbank, which is close to the river, about eight miles northwest of Wolve Hoek, Lord Roberts' headquarters, and may be expected to also cross the Vaal and create a diversion on the flank of any federal force in the neighborhood of Vereeniging. As he has only about 15 miles to traverse a speedy announcement may be expected that the British commander in chief himself has gained a foothold in the Transvaal and that he will reach the federal position south of Johannesburg in the middle of the coming week.

The same secrecy which shrouded the movements of the main army envelops Lord Methuen's and General Rundle's columns, so probably the next official dispatches will show decisive movements of these wings. Rundle ought to be close to Bethlehem by now, and the experts expect to hear of some decisive movement on the Harrismith railroad, in which part of General Buller's force will cooperate in the direction of Van Reenen's pass.

Should the Pretoria bulletin announcing the reoccupation of Heilbron by the federals turn out to be true, it will be a totally unexpected development, as General Ian Hamilton occupied Heilbron Tuesday, and nothing has been heard from there since.

A dispatch from Newcastle, dated May 25, says:

"Louis Koch, a magistrate of the Free State, has surrendered. He says that all the burghers in the Harrismith-Vrede district have returned to their farms and refuse to continue fighting. If, as is reported, President Steyn is in Vrede, he will probably go northward toward Laingsnek if he finds any followers."

The Outlook For Peace.

The outlook for peace, how soon will it come and the steps by which it will be procured, are the foremost topics of the hour here. The air is full of rumors about messages from President Kruger, the Boer delegates and other formal steps looking to a cessation of hostilities, but these, so far, have proved to be without any foundation. According to the opinion of one of the highest officials of the foreign office, there is a popular misconception regarding the importance of these imaginary appeals. This authority is inclined to believe that the most submissive telegram President Kruger could compose would not alter the situation in the slightest.

"Peace," he declared, "can only be accomplished after the Transvaal has undergone the same process as the Free State. The cases are, or will be in a few days, analogous. The most forcible illustration of my meaning can be gathered by supposing President Steyn now sued or had sued for peace. What difference could such action make to us. Neither Kruger's word nor Steyn's word is any guarantee that their people will submit. Kruger might surrender, Pretoria might be in our hands, yet in other parts of the Transvaal we might have a recurrence of such a thing as the siege of Wepener or widespread uprisings which would necessitate the presence of thousands of troops. A thorough occupation having now become the object of the war, it cannot terminate until a disarmament is completely effected among all the Boer forces. When the Boers want peace, they must tell Lord Roberts and take him their arms. This may, perhaps, occur at the instigation of President Kruger, but the only importance we could now attach to any of his appeals or utterances is the extent with which they will be observed among his own people. My personal opinion is that it will be found that the extent is small, though this fact should not delay peace or, more properly, pacification. Lord Roberts should be able to subdue the Transvaal almost as easily as he did the Free State. If, as I hear is likely, bodies of Boers will take to the hills a lot of them will be kept there till they are tired. With the bulk of the population disarmed these guerrilla bands are not likely to be a serious factor.

No Intervention.

"I fail to see how matters will be altered even if a foreign power, say, the United States, consented to transmit the unconditional surrender of our foes. I cannot see that it would be worth the paper it is written on, though the action we would take is too hypothetical for me to forecast it."

Others who have given the matter study echo these ideas, while a well known member of the diplomatic corps told a press representative that he thought it most improbable that any nation would transmit even unconditional offers from the Boers or that such a method of attempting to stop the war would do the Boers any good except as saving their pride.

The queen's birthday was made an excuse for prolonging the Mafeking celebration, which died hard. Major General Baden Powell, naturally enough, is the hero of the hour. While Colonel Mahon is the reliever of the town, he is almost as much a nonentity as when the name of the commander of the relieving column was undisclosed. Colonel Mahon is said to be General Lord Kitchener's favorite officer, and the sirdar is reported to have telegraphed to him to come from south of Khartoum to South Africa. To obey this mandate, it is added, Mahon drove to death no fewer than five camels while crossing the desert. He is a member of an old Galway family and a relative of Sir Edward Henry Carson, the new solicitor general.

Parades of students and others that would do credit to the Latin Quarter of Paris continue to make the house of Major General Baden-Powell's mother their objective. A noticeable feature of the rejoicings is the prevalence everywhere of the stars and stripes, which was never before displayed to such an extent and which is almost always next to or intertwined with the union jack. Commenting on this fact, The St. James Gazette says: "This is as it should be."

The proprietors of a weekly paper adopted a novel experiment in celebrating and advertising combined by buying 30,000 flags and distributing them gratis.

It is interesting to note that, with the exception of General Hunter, Baden-Powell is the youngest major general in the British army.

Murder Charge Withdrawn.

Pretoria, May 26.—The prosecution has withdrawn the charges of murder in connection with the explosion at the Begbie factory at Johannesburg against Messrs. Longville and Perret, Belgians, William Begbie, and Thomas Richards, a colored American. All the accused were acquitted. An application was made that the men be rearrested and put over the border, but this was refused.

COUNTERFEITER CAUGHT.

Chief of Gang Captured by Secret Service Men.

Towanda, Pa., May 26.—Secret Service Operator Flynn and Deputy Marshal Hollen brought to Tonawanda the chief of the counterfeiting gang who have been flooding this section with bogus dollars and 50 cent pieces for the past two years. The prisoner is Louis Ruger, 73 years old, of Tuscarora township, and he was caught in the act of making coins. The entire outfit, mold, melting pots, metal, etc., was taken, in addition to several coins just off the molds and too hot to handle at the moment.

The officers lay in the woods a few rods from Ruger's place of operations for an hour and watched the prisoner coin the money. United States Commissioner Mix held Ruger in $2,000 bail for a hearing on June 6. Ruger has been twice convicted and has served time for counterfeiting, first in 1883 and again in 1887. The first time he served 18 months and the second three years.

Adolphus Babcock, James Culver and Stanley V. Powers, all of Tuscarora, are now awaiting trial on the charge of counterfeiting and are supposed to be members of the Ruger gang.

KEANE'S MISSION.

Raising a Million Dollars For Catholic Schools.

Washington, May 26.—Archbishop Keane of the Catholic university here, who was commissioned by Pope Leo XIII to visit the various sees of this country and make personal appeals in its behalf, has been quite successful up to date in the matter of raising the required $1,000,000 with which to endow chairs at the institution and facilitate its work. He has just finished a tour through the sees of St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago and Milwaukee, from which about one fifth of the sum needed has been realized.

At Chicago, he says, a public spirited Catholic, who was a member of the university board of trustees, gave him $50,000 conditionally, which will enable the directors of the institution to found a number of new scholarships at the next session. Archbishop Keane speaks hopefully of the university. The archbishop expects to continue his tour through other sections of the west and gradually cover all the bishoprics which he has not already visited.

Tried to Kill Father-in-law.

Toledo, May 26.—Charles Bartley, a real estate dealer in Chicago and owner of considerable property here, attempted to assassinate his stepfather, R. A. Bartley, at the latter's home on Grand avenue last night. R. A. Bartley is one of the largest wholesale grocers in Ohio and stands high here in business and political circles. The young man was excited, and his aim was wild. The two men then grappled, and the housekeeper ran screaming to the rear of the house, attracting some neighbors, who came and endeavored to separate the combatants. Young Bartley still held the revolver and attempted to use it. A second shot was fired, which narrowly missed the head of a neighbor, F. E. Gleason. A squad of police arrived at this juncture, and the stepson was taken to the central station but was subsequently released on bail. Because the father had befriended the young man's wife when in trouble he is said to have been insanely jealous and had written threatening R. A. Bartley's life.

Where President Will View Eclipse.

Washington, May 26. The president and Mrs. McKinley have gone on the dispatch boat Dolphin to Old Point Comfort, where they will view the solar eclipse on Monday. The guests in the party are the secretary of war, Mrs. Root, Miss Root and Master Edward Root, General and Mrs. Russell Hastings, Colonel Webb C. Hayes, Dr. Rixey and Secretary Cortelyou. The party will remain on board the Dolphin most of the trip. No definite plans have been made except that the return will be some time on Tuesday afternoon. Captain Sutherland of the Dolphin is experienced in piloting astronomical parties and is expected to make the trip particularly interesting.

Will Not Buy or Build.

Milwaukee, May 26. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has decided not to build or buy an office building for the general offices of the organization. Several reasons led to this result. It had been argued that if the organization were to erect such a structure it would have to become incorporated and thereby be liable to suits for damages in case of strikes, but the underlying cause of the adverse decision was the fact that the purchase or erection of a building would mean the permanent establishment of the general offices of the brotherhood at Cleveland, the proposed location of the building.

Mrs. Grant Accepts Invitation.

Chicago, May 26. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant and her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, have signified to the members of the Grand Army national encampment committee their intention to accept invitations to be present at the encampment in August.

LIPTON AND THE CUP.

Undecided as to Time of Challenge. Other London Notes.

London, May 26. From Sir Thomas Lipton it is learned that he will not announce the date of his next challenge for the America's cup till August. The continuation of his silence, he frankly admits, is due to the belief that it will further his chances of winning. Hence the announcements purporting to come from him are untrue, and it is clear that Sir Thomas has no idea of again attempting to "lift the cup" until next year.

The cutter Hester is the latest British yacht to be sold to America, which has already denuded the 65 foot class and has now commenced raiding the fast cruisers.

It is persistently rumored that Sir William Henry White, who has been director of naval construction since 1885, is resigning his post. He has been absent from his office for many weeks and is completely broken down over the royal yacht fiasco. Moreover, he has many difficulties with the admiralty, and many naval officers frankly express disbelief in his armament theories, declaring he has not kept up with the progress made in warship building, especially in the case of American progress. Mr. Watts, the Armstrongs' chief designer, is reported to have been offered Sir William White's post.

The queen's birthday honor list is generally voted absurdly inadequate. No naval officer is mentioned amid the host of "unknowns" that gained coveted distinction. The Pall Mall Gazette rather pathetically commented on the fact that the press is "altogether omitted."

Speculation is now rife as to who will be the first viceroy of federated Australia. The Duke of Fife is frequently mentioned, but his royal wife is notoriously disinclined to taking part in state functions. The new Duke of Argyll and the Earls of Hopetoun and Jersey are also declared to have a chance of filling the important position.

Following the lines of Lady Warwick, The Daily Mail is exposing for the benefit of the public the horrors of the invasion of American millionaires. "These invaders," The Mail declares, "are so enormously rich that they are indifferent to the fancy prices asked for great estates. Andrew Carnegie," The Mail further remarks, "is among the best of them."

W. W. Astor, the reader of The Mail learns, came to England to "avoid publicity, and that is his one personal aim, though he has a passion for building and a love of solitude."

The histories of these gentlemen and the Bradley Martins, Mr. James R. Keene, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, Mr. Marshall Field, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal and a few South African millionaires are carefully detailed, with estimates about their fortunes. But the writer makes several curious mistakes, among them being the statement that Mr. Marshall Field, who is dubbed the "Lipton of Chicago" and a "relentless monopolist, is well known in hunting circles in Warwickshire," whereas Mr. Field does not hunt at all. The Mail writer mistaking the son for the father. In a small paragraph at the end of the article the following notice is given those apparently nonmillionaires:

"There are political bosses and patrons of sport, such as Mr. Richard Croker; sober American bankers, like R. O. Drexel of yachting and motoring fame, and social leaders, such as Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Mackay."

MAY BE BARRED.

Men Implicated In Phoenix Park Murder Reach New York.

New York, May 26.—Joseph Mullet and James Fitzharris, alias "Skin the Goat," who were last year liberated by the English government from life imprisonment for complicity in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix park, Dublin, on May 5, 1882, arrived on the Cunard liner Lucania.

It is said that the object of Mullet and Fitzharris in coming here is to secure a new start in life and further that they expect a fund to be raised for them by Irishmen in the United States who are attached to the force wing of the brotherhood. On the other hand, some doubt has been expressed as to whether the two men should be allowed to land here.

Assistant Commissioner of Immigration Edward S. McSweeney, on being asked as to the probable action of the authorities, said that the spirit and letter of the law will be followed in this case, as they had been in all other cases where former convicts were concerned. This was construed to mean that the men will be hurried back.

Immigration Commissioner Fitchie, in response to a question, said: "I never cross a bridge until I come to it. I have no idea what arguments will be used by these people. We shall be governed by the law in the matter. We do not know the status of the men yet. They were imprisoned for life and were liberated. I do not recall a similar case that this office has been called upon to decide, and certainly there has been none in my time.

"The law, however, seems to be clear regarding the admittance of former convicts. But in any event these men have not arrived yet, and we are not obliged to tell what course we will pursue. I will say this, though, the murders were horrible ones."

Mr. Fitchie then referred to the law on the subject, which, in the act of March 3, 1891, regulating immigration, orders the exclusion of "all persons who have been convicted of a felony or other infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude."

An attache of the immigration bureau, who would not allow his name to be used, pointed out a clause in the law which, it is held in some quarters, may possibly be so construed by the authorities as to offer a loophole for the ex-convicts to pass through this port. This clause says: "Provided that nothing in this act shall be construed to apply to or exclude persons convicted of a political offense, notwithstanding said political offense be designated as a 'felony, crime, infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude' by the laws of the land whence he came [illegible] court convicting."

"[illegible] question of [illegible] this official [illegible] may hang upon 'political offense.'" He did not see how murder could be defended as a political offense.

Foreign Clerks In London.

Of the leading business houses in the city, according to evidence collected by the London chamber of commerce, [illegible] per cent employ foreign clerks, who are almost [illegible]. [illegible] English clerk [illegible] acquaintance with French and German.

GOT AMPLE SATISFACTION.

The Man With the Carpetbag Squared Accounts With the Mean Man.

On the cars coming to B—— was a stalwart man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was a man who when there was a cent due him that grumbling might deprive him of would sacrifice $50 to save the copper.

He had started in the morning without any breakfast, and when E—— hove in sight he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpetbag with him, and, going into the dining room at E——, he deposited his carpetbag on one chair, while he took another at its side.

He was lost for about ten minutes, perfectly oblivious to everything save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his inward man.

About this time the landlord came round, ejaculated:

"Dollar, sir!"

"A dollar!" responded the eater. "A dollar! I thought you only charged 50 cents a meal for one? Isn't that so?"

"That's true," answered Meanness, "but I count your carpetbag one, since it occupies a seat."

Now, the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

Our victim deliberately rose, and opening his carpetbag to the full extent of its wide mouth, addressed it as follows:

"Carpetbag, it seems you are an individual, a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for your eating, and now you must eat!"

Upon this he seized everything eatable that was carriable within reach—nuts, raisins, apples, cakes and crust pies—and, amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went out and took his seat in the cars. He said he had secured provisions enough to last him to New York after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least $5 worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit.—Toronto Globe.

CACHES.

The Reliance of Arctic Travelers For Food on a Return Journey.

An arctic expedition moving overland practically always intends to return by the same route. Even in these days of compressed foods the weight of several months' provender for a large party is considerable. In caches it is, therefore, stowed along the route several days' journey apart.

What is simply a hole in the ground is first dug, a matter of extreme difficulty at times. Then, painfully digging elsewhere, earth is brought to the surface and a quantity of this is dumped into the hole. Ice is melted and the water from it poured upon the earth, the entire mixture freezing in a few moments into a compact mass. This is the bottom of the cache. On it the provisions the party want to put aside for a future day are laid, so many pounds for each man, carefully calculated. There should be just enough to support life comfortably until the next cache is reached on the return, with two or three days' rations over for emergencies.

With stones, ice and snow the walls of the cache are now built up, water being poured over the snowy structure hermetically to seal it. It is a point of honor, among even the poorest natives, not to rifle a cache unless in cases of the direst necessity, but the provisions must be kept safe from the bears. Properly built the structure is impregnable, and it needs the work of pickaxes to tear it open.

It is marked by anything that the explorers can spare or find in the vicinity, generally by a staff of wood. In Siberia the tooth of a mammoth is not infrequently used. Despite this precaution, however, many caches can never be found again.

If rendered provisionless in this manner, the party must resort to its guns and hunt for the musk ox, the white bear and the seal, which sometimes are in easy reach, more frequently not to be found at all. Game in these regions is never to be depended upon.—New York Tribune.

A Nihilist's Definition of Nihilism.

I was so fortunate as to meet an Americanized Russian who has been instrumental in bringing more of his people to this country than any other person. He had been a medical student in Russia, became connected with a nihilist plot, was suspected, arrested and sentenced to Siberia, but made his escape and came to this country five years ago. He at once took steps to become naturalized, and now, as Dr. C. C. Young, is an American citizen, intensely proud of his adopted country, enthusiastic concerning its institutions, particularly its liberty of speech, and is able to converse in excellent English wholly acquired since coming here.

"A nihilist," said Dr. Young, "is not an anarchist or even a socialist. He is merely one who desires with all his heart and above everything else in this world the liberty of speech and action that is the birthright of every living soul and which is guaranteed to every American by the constitution of the United States. Oh, you Americans should be the very happiest people on earth, for you have everything that the rest of the world is striving to gain!"—Kirk Munroe in Harper's Magazine.

The Truth of the Text.

"I hold to the Scriptural doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive," said the little man who is familiar with quotations.

"I confess that I have never been able to appreciate the force of that injunction," responded the big fellow who believes in looking after No. 1 above all others.

"Perhaps I should say that it is easier," continued the little man.

"Well, I don't see it," said the big fellow.

"You would if you were in my business," said the little man.

And doubtless he would.

The little man was a telegraph operator.—Washington Star.

A Great Day.

She (gushingly)—There are days when we seem more in unison with nature than at others, when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you ever noticed it?

He—Indeed I have. It is always that way with me on pay day.—London Tit-Bits.

Sidney Smith's wife was such a good cook that he calculated that during the course of his life he had eaten 18 four horse wagon loads more than was good for him.

In Japan the saws' teeth point toward the handle, and both saws and planes cut toward the workman.

CUBAN CUSTOM HOUSES

The Nationality of Men Employed In the Service.

LARGE PER CENT CUBANS.

Statement Issued by the Department of Insular Affairs of the War Department—Salaries Paid Are Very Liberal.

Washington, May 26.—The division of customs and insular affairs of the war department has made a statement in regard to the nationality of the civilian employees in the customs service of Cuba. The statement shows that on Dec. 31 last the total number of employees was 668, of whom 515, or 77 per cent, were Cubans, 99, or 15 per cent, were Spaniards, 50, or 7 per cent of the total, were Americans, and the remaining 4, or 1 per cent, belonged to other nationalities. The total number of employees of the customs service of Cuba in Havana was 63, of whom 37 were Cubans and 26 were Americans. The total number of employees in the Havana custom house was 323, of whom 260 were Cubans, 56 were Spaniards, 12 were Americans and 3 belonged to other nationalities.

At the subport of Batabano the total number of employees was 3, all of whom were Cubans. At the port of Cienfuegos the total number of employees was 66, of whom 53 were Cubans, 11 were Spaniards and 2 were Americans. At Santiago de Cuba the total number of employees was 49, of whom 42 were Cubans, 4 were Spaniards and 3 were Americans. At Matanzas the total number of employees was 28, of whom 24 were Cubans, 3 were Spaniards and the remaining 1 was an American.

Employees at Cardenas.

At Cardenas the total number of employees was 24, of whom 14 were Cubans and 10 were Spaniards. At Nuevitas the total number of employees was 17, of whom 12 were Cubans, 2 were Spaniards and 3 were Americans. At Manzanillo and the subports of Santa Cruz and Jucaro the total number of employees was 20, of whom 19 were Cubans and 1 was a Spaniard. At Gibara the total number of employees was 11, of whom 10 were Cubans and 1 was an American. At Guantanamo the total number of employees was 11, of whom 7 were Cubans, 3 were Spaniards and 1 was an American.

A statement was also given out showing that the average annual salaries paid in the customs service of the United States as compared with the average annual salaries paid in the customs service of Cuba was as follows: The average annual salary per man in the United States customs service is $1,205.85, while the average annual salary per man in the customs service of Cuba is $822.24, making a difference in the average annual salary in favor of the Cuban customs service of $383.61 per man, as compared with that service in the United States.

Ice Trust Investigation Adjourned.

Brooklyn, May 26.—Mayor Van Wyck, John F. Carroll and Dock Commissioners Murphy, Cram and Meyer appeared before Justice Gaynor in the supreme court in Brooklyn in response to a summons secured by the New York World, on behalf of the people of New York, making inquiry into the formation of the gigantic ice trust. Wheeler H. Peckham, one of the greatest lawyers in the state, was retained by The World to cross examine these political stockholders in the trust. The courtroom was crowded. There was widespread interest in the proceedings. Justice Gaynor took his place on the bench at 11 o'clock. De Lancey Nicoll, counsel for Mayor Van Wyck and all the other accused magnates, then arose and pleaded for delay. "We are not ready to proceed," he said, "and we ask for an adjournment." Justice Gaynor finally set the hearing down for next Thursday.

New Jerusalem Church.

Cincinnati, May 26.—The preliminary conventions of the New Jerusalem church have ended and the general convention begun. The council of ministers elected are: President, James Reed; secretary, H. C. Hay; annual address, C. H. Mann of Chicago; alternate, S. C. Eby of St. Louis. At the meeting of the Sunday School association Theodore F. Wright delivered the annual address. Papers were read by Mrs. Alice Putnam of Chicago, Miss Edna C. Silver of Boston and others. One of the reports favored salaries to Sunday school teachers, with promotions of children from class to class. The following officers were elected by the Sunday School association: President, John S. Saul of Chicago; vice president, M. S. Brown of Cleveland; secretary-treasurer, W. S. Mayhew of Yarmouthport, Mass.

Revenue Office at Honolulu.

San Francisco, May 26.—Internal Revenue Collector Lynch is making preparations to establish an office in Honolulu, the Hawaiian Islands having been added to the district of California. Internal revenue laws go into effect in Hawaii on June 14. All deputies at the Honolulu office will be selected from citizens of Hawaii. After June 14 goods from the United States must be stamped before being sent to the islands.

W. S. Taylor In Poor Health.

St. Joseph, Mich., May 26.—A prominent Republican of this county has been in communication with the secretary of W. S. Taylor, late claimant to the governorship of Kentucky, and as a result Mr. Taylor will soon visit this locality in search of health. He is said to be suffering from nervous prostration, and, being in fear of a general breakdown, wishes to recuperate at a health resort on the St. Joseph river.

Steamer Seward Accepted.

Washington, May 26.—The steamer Seward was given a trial near Seattle, Wash., and is reported to have met all the contract requirements. She was thereupon accepted by the quartermaster general in charge of the army transport service and will be sent to Alaska for use as a dispatch boat by General Randall, commanding the military department of Alaska.

Julian Ralph May Lose a Leg.

London, May 26.—Julian Ralph, the well known newspaper correspondent, has arrived in London, invalided by reason of injuries received in South Africa. He will probably lose one of his legs.

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Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:40, 9:00 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:30, 9: p. m.
All points East, 7:30 a. m., 3:00, 9:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 10:30 a. m., 1:05, 6:30 p. m.
Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 6 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m.
Sanbornville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3.0, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Eliot, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, [illegible]

MAILS CLOSE.

For

Boston, West and South, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 6:51 p. m.
All points East, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:00, 9:25 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:00, 12:20 a. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m.
Sanbornville, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
White Mountains, 8:00, 9:25, 10:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Dover, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:55, 7:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 10:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m.
Newington, 10:25 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:25 a. m., 5:25 p. m.
Eliot, 9:25 a. m., 5:00 p. m.
Sundays, 4:00 p. m.

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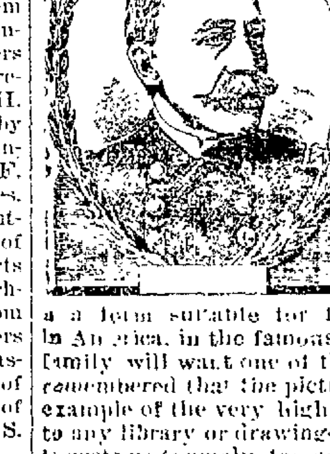

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VANDERBILT'S RIDE.

HIS HORSE FRIGHTENED BY THE GIRL WHO BECAME HIS WIFE.

How the Commodore's Son Met Miss Kissam—He Proposed at a Picnic—Inscription which William H. Cut Into a Tree to See How It Would Look.

It must have been more than 60 years ago at least that a young man mounted his bay horse early one evening for a gallop through the streets of Albany. The horse was in fine fettle, and the ride was begun with a dash that attracted the attention of all beholders.

Some who hastened to get out of the way predicted disaster if the pace was continued, but the rider smiled at their looks of apprehension as he passed, settled himself a little more firmly in the saddle and increased the speed. He knew a few things about horseback riding himself, and the notion that he could meet with an accident never entered his head.

As he rode the moon arose, creating high lights here and there that contrasted strongly with the darkening shadows. Eventually, perhaps, the young man's sense of delight in rapid motion began to give way to appreciation of the evening's beauties. At all events he slackened the reins a bit as the horse swung round a corner into a side street.

Just ahead in the moonlight he saw a girl upon a crosswalk. At the sudden sound of hoofs she stepped quickly to the shaded footpath. There was a flutter of white drapery, and the horse started violently. A moment later the dashing rider lay prone upon the ground, his clothes torn and himself apparently suffering severely from the sudden contact of his head against a jagged pile of stones.

The girl screamed, but in spite of her fright she hastened to the fallen horseman's aid. She had hardly reached him when he rose nimbly, brushed the dirt from his clothes and stood smiling before her.

"Are you—are you badly hurt?" asked the girl.

"Why, no; not at all. It was awkward in me to take such a tumble from my horse," said the young man. "I hope I didn't give you too much of a start, though, Miss—Miss"—

"Miss Kissam," said the girl, demurely finishing his sentence, while her face turned rosy red in the moonlight.

As the young man gazed upon her pretty features he suddenly grew faint.

"I—I don't know but I am a bit more shaken up than I thought I was," he stammered, "but—I'll be all right in a moment."

"I do hope it is not serious," said the girl, again blushing vividly. "It was all my fault too. My home is in the next house, and I am sure it would be best for you to go in and rest a little, Mr.—Mr."—

"Vanderbilt," responded the youth, in turn finishing an interrogatory sentence; "William H. Vanderbilt—and—possibly it would be well for me to accept your invitation."

So the young man entered the home of the Rev. Mr. Kissam, at that time a well known Lutheran clergyman of the state capital. The minister received his guest hospitably, of course, when the accident was explained, and the girl's mother bustled about to make some simple applications to the horseman's hurts. While his bruises were being attended to young Vanderbilt and the minister engaged in conversation on some topic of the day, in which the mother and the daughter joined, and, all forgetful of his horse, the unexpected guest remained the evening through. When at last he tore himself away, he thought he had never been entertained more pleasantly in his life.

Of course he was invited to call again, and of course he accepted the invitation. In fact his calls at the modest parsonage were exceedingly frequent from that time on, and it was not many weeks before he decided sooner or later to ask a particularly important question of the girl who had frightened his horse, and then another of her father.

It was not until the following July, however, that he was able to muster up enough courage to put these interrogations.

He may not have been a worker in that field before he met Miss Kissam, but it is of record that the following July he acted as superintendent of the Sunday school connected with her father's church, and that the entire school went somewhere on a picnic in that month.

Miss Kissam was a teacher, and both the young folk were naturally kept pretty busy all day long.

But some time before the close of the day they found it possible to take a quiet stroll together afar in the grove where the picnic was held. When they had got away from the others, young Vanderbilt stammered out his story and asked his question. After the story had been listened to and the question answered in the way he wished he took from his pocket a keen bladed penknife and with it carved an inscription in the smooth bark of a maple tree. This inscription read: "Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt."

He had cut it just to see how it would look, and its appearance was so gratifying to both the young folk that they remained to gaze upon it long enough to worry the other picnickers about their absence and cause the sending of messengers to find them.

The question that yet had to be put to the clergyman, too, was answered as the young man desired, though perhaps with some hesitancy. Possibly this was in part because of the young man's rather slender financial prospects, for, though his father, the commodore, was already quite well to do, William H. had his own way to make in the world and was known to be somewhat in disfavor at home.

As all the world knows, the young bridegroom's subsequent career was such that the bride's father had no cause to regret the match because his daughter had married a poor man, for he became the richest man of his time. But the pleasantest feature of it all was that, no matter how much William H. Vanderbilt may have merited some of the criticisms showered upon him, his long married life with the clergyman's daughter was not marred by a single discordant note.—New York Press.

Quite Unnecessary.

"I think," said the young man, "that if you would give me a chance I could elevate the stage."

"Oh," replied the manager, "there's no excuse for that expense! The stage is high enough, and everything would be all right if we could only get the ladies to remove their hats."—Washington Star.

Same Old Excuse.

"And what do you suppose Cain said when he half killed Abel with the club?"

"Please, teacher, he said he didn't know it was loaded."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ADMIRING AN ENGINE.

Incidentally the Spectator Had a Few Questions to Ask.

At a certain exhibition there was a monster engine on view. I walked around it and solemnly, seriously examined it. Now, I know nothing in the world about engines, but I asked a young gentleman in charge:

"What is the horsepower of this?"

"The engineer has just gone to his dinner," said the young gentleman politely.

"That's a pity," I remarked. "I have come specially from Huddersfield, and I have my train to catch. Never mind. I'll get one somewhere else."

"Can't you wait?" anxiously asked the gentleman.

I looked at my friend doubtfully.

"Well," I said, "we might catch the 2:15."

"Do," said the gentleman, who was the secretary of the company. "May I offer you a glass of wine?"

We went and had a glass of wine together, and on our return we found the man who drove the engine had returned hurriedly from his half finished meal. He had taken his coat off, tucked up his sleeves, and he poured oil all over that huge engine and set it in motion by some subtle process best known to himself. Heavy balls began whirling round, wheels whirred and piston rods quivered and steel pulses came to life. A crowd gathered around the leviathan, and the engineer explained the engine in all its bearings. I affected great interest, but dared make no actual observations, or I should have betrayed my supreme ignorance of the whole thing. However, I said I had no doubt it would do, and I inquired the price.

"About £750."

Then I asked:

"Would it come cheaper by taking two?"

The man looked in amazement. "No," he said.

"Have you anything smaller?"

"Yes; you can have a smaller one; price in proportion—say about £500."

"Have you anything about £20?"

"No!" cried the man, horror stricken.

"Then," I said, "I am afraid they are of no use to us. Good morning. So many thanks."—"Life of Arthur Roberts."

HE WAS A REMINDER.

Polite Drummer and the Lady Who Told Him Something Startling.

The drummer who was talking had a jerky style of speech as if he were afflicted with St. Vitus' dance of the vocal chords or some similar difficulty. "Had a blamed funny experience once," he said. "Had plenty, I suppose, but this was different. It was out on the Southern Pacific. Don't know what town it was. Don't know what state. Perhaps it was a territory. As many territories along that road as there are states. That's all right. At the town I'm talking about a pretty woman about 25 got aboard. Pretty women scarce as hen's teeth in that country. Hadn't seen one for a month. Couldn't keep my eyes off of her. At last couldn't stand it any longer. Got up and went over to her. Asked her if I couldn't raise the window for her. She said I couldn't. Takes a strong man to raise a car window sometimes. Asked her if I couldn't let her have a paper or a book. She said I couldn't. Tried her again on buying something from the train butcher. Wouldn't have it. Offered to get her a glass of water. Wasn't dry. Tried everything I knew. Got turned down every time. The last time I tried was with a game of whist. Whist was all the rage in the east, I told her. She said she didn't play. Then she looked at me for a minute—maybe it was longer. Then she spoke.

"'Do you know who you remind me of?' says she, looking at me admiringly.

"'No,' says I. 'Is it some dear dead friend of yours?' said I, trying to do the funny act.

"'Not exactly,' said she, laughing; 'not exactly, but of one that will be dead in about seven seconds after my husband sets eyes on him at the next station.'

"'What's the name of it, madam?' says I, making believe I was ready.

"'Merseville,' yelled the brakeman.

"'That's it,' says she, laughing more than ever. And I fell all over myself trying to make connection with the sleeper at the far end of the train."—Washington Star.

Jimmy's Dreadful Deeds.

In front of a building which bears the sign "Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" two women and a small boy stood waiting for a car. The mother of the small boy was telling the other woman all the dreadful things Jimmy had done recently, while the culprit listened with evident delight.

"And yesterday he chopped a leg off the mahogany table in the parlor and deliberately broke his little sister's Christmas doll, and I'm sure I don't know what on earth to—Jimmy!"

She darted after him into the middle of the street and dragged him from the track of a rapidly approaching cable car.

"Jimmy, whatever shall I do with you?"

"Whoop! I'm a bad boy!" shouted Jimmy and stood on his head in pure glee. Then the mother took up again her doleful tale, while Jimmy listened, and the sign of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children hung reproachfully over her unconscious head.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Literary Partisans.

"What were you boys fighting about?" asked the shocked and grieved citizen who had parted them.

"I was tellin 'im about Ursus," said the boy who had been reading "Quo Vadis," "and he said"—

"And I said there was a man named John Ridd that could lick 'im!" fiercely broke in the boy who had read "Lorna Doone." "He could do up that there Ursus with one hand tied behind"—

"Say, I'll see you ag'in some day!"

"You bet you will! An I'll mash the mouth off'n you!"

And they went away in opposite directions, breathing out threatenings and slaughter.—Chicago Tribune.

Quick Compliance.

"Of course, sir, I need scarcely say, in giving you my daughter, that I expect her to be surrounded with all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed."

"Certainly, sir. If I had any preference for a home of our own, I would feel constrained to yield it. Your wish, sir, is law with me."—Detroit Journal.

Colorless quartz is found in many parts of the world and is used for optical purposes and to imitate the diamond. It, however, lacks the luster of the strass or paste imitations.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, 3 feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies and 11 emeralds.

WOES OF A CHAPERON

THERE IS A LOT OF BOTHER IN CARING FOR RICH MAIDS ABROAD.

One Madcap Who Flirted Outrageously and Finally Married a Penniless Prince—But It Isn't Always Disagreeable, and the Pay Is Frequently Very Good.

To take a party of girls abroad for the summer may seem a simple thing, but any one who has tried it will swear that simplicity isn't the striking feature of the experience. Still, the number of women willing to undergo such chaperonage increases every year. The thing has grown into a regular business, and people with money and daughters are besieged every spring and fall by professional chaperons. The other day at a tea a Chicago woman who has made a great success of the business and has practically lived abroad for ten years was talking about the life.

"Once I went abroad for a year with one girl," she said. "She was the wealthiest girl in—well, I'll not tell you what state, but she was from the west. Her father offered me $5,000 and my expenses if I would take charge of her for a year. As to our expenses, he didn't put any limit upon them, so I thought the thing was too good to be refused. When the daughter came to Chicago, I decided I would have no trouble. She was remarkably pretty. Her manners were almost as impossible as her clothes, but I could replace the clothes and reform the manners. She seemed good natured and rather shy. We sailed for Europe, and on the steamer I had a foretaste of the wrath to come. That girl flirted with every one, from a Hindoo prince to the cabin boys. I couldn't take my eyes off her for a moment but she would do something to cause gossip, and yet when I wrestled with her she cried and seemed so grieved and contrite that I thought perhaps the child really didn't know better.

"We got through England pretty well, except one night at Cambridge, when I was ill and she slipped out and went rowing on the Cam with a young collegian who had dined at the table with us. When we reached the continent, my grief began. Some way or other wherever we went rumors of the girl's wealth arrived before us. The papers told fabulous stories about it, and we were fairly besieged by beggars and tradespeople and fortune hunters. In Paris I simply earned my bread by the sweat of my brow. My charge set all the American colony gossiping and finally one night announced to me that she was engaged to a penniless but good looking German attache of unsavory reputation. We left the next morning, and I endured tears and reproaches until we were settled in Berlin and the German officers effected a cure. We were visiting Baron de M. and his wife, and we all kept sharp watch upon the men who flocked to the house. But one day the maid came to me in tears and told me that mademoiselle was planning to elope that night with the baron's private secretary. Naturally we stopped that, and I cabled to the girl's father, breaking my agreement and asking whether I should take his daughter home. He answered that he would come for her, and we went to Nice to wait for him.

"The night before he was to arrive we went to bed early. He came at 6 in the morning, went to her room and found a note beginning, 'Dearest papa, when you read this, I'll be the happiest of girls and a princess.' She had married an Italian prince in debt up to his ears and with no redeeming feature save a pair of black eyes. How did her father take it? Oh, he swore eloquently, but he forgave her, and he certainly behaved royally in regard to me.

"That is one experience. Then, three years ago, I took six girls abroad, and at a tiny village in Italy one of them was taken seriously ill. The doctor fooled about for a week and finally said she had smallpox. We had all been exposed, for she had been with us constantly. The hotel keeper would not keep us. Neither prayers nor money had any effect upon him. He simply said we must move out at once. There was no hospital, and we couldn't get away from the town, and no one would take us in."

"What in the world did you do?" asked the little fat woman who had started the conversation by saying something about the delights of chaperoning.

"Oh, I went to the priest. I've found that is the only thing to do when one is in a little foreign town and things go hopelessly wrong. Bless those dear fat fathers! They've saved me from lunacy several times. This particular priest was a saint. He abused the innkeeper in a style which my weak Italian couldn't approach, and he took us to a convent near the town, where the sisters behaved like a troop of seraphs. I telegraphed to Rome for an English doctor, and when he arrived the next morning he said the girl had the measles. She got well in a week, but I've kept that little church and convent in candles ever since.

"One doesn't have experiences like that often, but just the ordinary routine is bad enough. You've no idea how senseless and annoying some girls can be. Sometimes there will not be a serene day in weeks. No two want to do the same things or like the same things, and the chaperon is a candidate for nervous prostration before she has had the party out for a week."

"Is it always like that?" queried the fat little woman sympathetically.

"No, indeed. I've had years that were charming and girls whom I loved, but any one is a goose to take the chances unless she can make a good income by it. She must make a liberal estimate of expenses, a very liberal one, and then, in addition to her own expenses, she should ask a good bonus. When I began, my expenses were divided among the girls, and besides that each paid me $200. Now things are arranged the same way, only each girl pays me $1,000 instead of $200. I couldn't make so much money in any other way, but if any one tells you that European chaperoning is not hard work don't believe it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Guard the Ankles.

A New York doctor noted for his skill in treating women says that to every woman who dies of cold in the head and its consequent ills three die of cold in their feet. He says that nine out of ten colds are caught through the ankles, and that if the ankles were always kept warm and well protected there would be a great decrease in sniffling and sneezing. Women must have found this out, because they are wearing gaiters this winter more than they did before.

A curious custom prevails in Bulgaria. All newly married women are obliged to remain dumb for a month after marriage, except when addressed by their husbands. When it is desirable to remove this restriction permanently, the husband presents her with a gift, and then she can chatter to her heart's content.

CABMEN AS LINGUISTS.

An Innovation That Got One London Jehu Into Trouble.

"On one of the Boulevard cabs," writes the Paris correspondent of the London Mail, "may be observed the legend so familiar in the shops in the Vendome quarter of 'English spoken.' This particular cabby is modest in his pretensions, as he speaks also Italian and German, not to mention the terrible 'argot' which every self respecting cabby prefers to academic French. Unfortunately 'English spoken' may be translated generally by 'prices doubled.'"

Anxious to learn whether London cabmen were as cultured, a representative of The Mail questioned a few of them.

One cabby smiled when he read the news of his Paris confrere and chuckled when he came to the words "prices doubled." "That would be a good thing," he said, "but it wouldn't be allowed here. Oh, yes, I know some chaps that can speak French and German and Italian, too, that hasn't always been cabmen, you know. Some of them have some fun understanding things they're not meant to when people inside think they're quite safe in talking France."

"But wouldn't it pay them to put a notice on their cabs that they speak French?"

"No, I don't think so. People that are any class have an interpreter, or they get things arranged by their hotel servants. Besides it ain't allowed to put any advertisement on a cab."

But a second jovial faced Jehu gave a different opinion.

"We ain't allowed to have advertisements, but we can 'ave a notice on the cab. I mind a man I knew—we called 'im Whistler—why? 'Cos he was always whistling, of course—he could speak French, and he put a brass plate on the back of his cab, 'Lea coacher'—that means the cabman—'parlee voo francey'—I think that's it. Anyway, it meant 'the cabman speaks French.' We used to chaff him a bit, but 'e got plenty of fares. Only one day 'e were away, and another chap got his cab, not knowing about this notice. Well, some French people spoke to 'im, and 'e thought they were 'aving him, so there was a row, and the copper came up. However, a gent, passing, 'e says, 'Why, cabby, that notice means the cabman speaks French.' Then 'e felt a bit small.

"I know there are fellows that speak French and German, too—if you know Latin, I've 'eard say, you can easily speak French and German. Some went over to Paris with the English cabs, and I suppose picked it up there. I can speak a bit myself—I knows 'icy ong parlo' and 'silverplay, maddemoselle.' So I can generally understand foreigners, and besides they mostly know a little English. So I don't think we're likely to start those notices."

HENRY'S WATCHFUL SPOUSE.

Whether Bunko Lurked In Bill's Greeting or Not, He's Safe.

He was young, but that wasn't his fault. He was married—that was. But when one came to view the rosy cheeks, from which blossomed forth the very essence of health, the trusting eyes, the robust and rustic but not ungraceful form of her who clung with trusting confidence to him, one could not help but feel that his excuse was a good one. Every inch of his 6 feet of sturdy manhood bespoke a familiar acquaintance with plows, cows and corn, and her appearance was suggestive of peaches and homemade pies. They, these two happy mortals—for they were happy and didn't care who knew it—stood at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue and watched "the passing show." Suddenly he grabbed her by the wrist and, pointing across the street, ejaculated, "Say, Liz, hanged it there ain't Bill Durland coming this way!"

"Pshaw! Now, Henry," admonished she, "that ain't Bill 'tall. If he speaks to ye, don't yo dare answer, fer if yo do ye'll get bunkoed, sure."

It evidently was Bill Durland, for, extending his hand, he said in a good, strong, hearty voice: "Why, hello, Henry! How's every one at home?" "Henry" spake never a word, but gazed longingly at the outstretched hand and then fearfully at the sharer of his joys and sorrows. Then he exploded, "Say, Bill, I know it's you, but Liz here thinks it's some kind o' bunko game bein worked, and I dassent say a word to you." Bill looked astonished, then amused and continued his way up Sixth avenue. Henry and Liz had some earnest conversation, during which Liz was overheard to remark that she "didn't know how he got along before she married him."—New York Mail and Express.

Selling Goldfishes.

In a store where home aquarium supplies are sold there are, besides the usual varied assortment of glass globes,, a number of larger tanks of various shapes and sizes in which stock is kept for sale. The tanks themselves are, of course, sold if there is a demand for them.

Lying across the corner of the largest of these tanks is a little net, the hoop no more than 5 or 6 inches in diameter and the handle about a foot long. This is to scoop up the goldfishes when they are sold. When a new outfit is sold complete, the fishes are delivered in the globe or tank. It often happens, however, that the person already owning a globe wants to replace fish that have been lost or to add to his stock, and he goes to the store where such things are sold and buys one or more goldfishes, just as he would buy any merchandise, except that instead of sitting down at a counter to make his selections he bends over a tank and indicates among the fishes swimming about the ones he wants. As he makes his selections the dealer scoops them out with the little net, and as likely as not the purchaser carries the fish he has bought—a single fish or half a dozen, or whatever the number may be—right away with him in a tin pail.

Little goldfish of the commoner kinds can be bought for a few cents apiece. Some of the rarer varieties cost dollars.—New York Sun.

A Qualified Misfortune.

To illustrate the readiness of some unscrupulous people to turn even their calamities to a dishonest advantage, the story is told that a certain small farmer complained to a relative that his cow was sick.

"And you have to buy milk?" asked the relative.

"Land, yes!"

"How much d'you have to pay?"

"Mis' Tewkesbury lets us have some of hers for 5 cents a quart."

"Well, what d'you do with your milk while the cow's sick?"

"Oh, we sell it to the city milkman."

"Get 5 cents a quart from him?"

"Sakes, no! He gives 6!"—Youth's Companion.

Exacting Man.

Man always meets trouble half way and then stands on a corner expecting happiness to come along.—Chicago Record.

R. Stuart Wortley Arrives.

New York, May 26.—Among the passengers of the Cunard line steamship Lucania, which has arrived from Liverpool and Queenstown, was the Hon. R. Stuart Wortley of the firm of Price, McCormick & Co., which failed for $13,000,000. When seen at quarantine, Mr. Wortley was much overcome by the news of the disaster and for some time could not respond to questions concerning his affairs. He finally said: "I am all at sea in this matter. It is the first intimation of the affair I have heard, and I am unable to say anything at present, as I do not know the details. I have just returned from a visit to my brother, who was one of the beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith. He was sent home suffering from dysentery and a wound in the eye, caused by a splinter thrown by a bullet. I must ask you to excuse me from giving any statement about business."

Movements of Warships.

Washington, May 26.—The Brooklyn has sailed from Hongkong for Manila. The Celtic has arrived at Sydney, N. S. W. The Vixen has sailed from Nuevitas for Porto Padre. The Montgomery has been docked at Rio Janeiro. The Sanger, which has been performing surveying duty in the isthmus of Panama, probably will remain at San Diego until July 5, when she will return to the Mare Island navy yard to refit for a winter survey. The Eagle is in readiness to sail from Nuevitas for Chirivico. Coal barge No. 2 also is at Nuevitas.

Died Trying to Save Her Child.

Chicago, May 26.—Mrs. Emil Joseph Pollock threw herself in front of a Northwestern train running at the rate of 55 miles an hour in West Maywood in an effort to save the life of her 2-year-old daughter. Mrs. Pollock was struck and hurled 40 feet along the track. She was killed instantly. The child was rescued by Frank Bellrose, the telegraph operator at the Maywood station, who leaped through the window of his office and risked his life to save the little one.

Cuban Customs Receipts.

Washington, May 26.—The division of customs and insular affairs of the war department made the statement that the total collections in Cuba during the month of April, 1900, of customs receipts, internal revenue receipts, postal receipts and miscellaneous collections amounts to $1,370,387. The receipts during the month are divided as follows: Customs, $1,257,284; internal revenue, $79,666; postal, $18,459, and miscellaneous collections, $15,036.

Mysterious Fire.

Rochester, May 26.—A fire of mysterious origin destroyed the lumber yards and barrel stave establishment of Edward C. Meyer, on Klinck street, early this morning. The dry kilns, which were full of stave heads, which were part of a large order intended for the American Sugar Refining company of New York, were also destroyed. Mr. Meyer estimates the loss at about $30,000, with one-third insurance. A number of hands will be thrown out of employment.

Won't Give Up Mines.

San Francisco, May 26.—A special from the City of Mexico says: A telegram has been received from W. J. Grace, at Durango, announcing that the judge of the lower court has refused to carry out the order of the supreme court of Mexico to turn over to him the Vacas, San Marcos and Bismarck mines. A military force will probably be necessary to enforce the order. Mr. Grace is the son of Mrs. Mary B. Grace of Syracuse, formerly of California.

Crushed to Death In Elevator.

New York, May 26.—James Moore, 50 years old, a porter, of 366 Degraw street, Brooklyn, was crushed to death by an elevator at 344 Broadway, where he worked. The man was caught between the hatchway and the fifth floor.

Noted Railroad President Dead.

Chicago, May 26.—Timothy P. Blackstone, formerly president of the Chicago and Alton Railroad company and one of the oldest railroad executive officers in the country, died suddenly at his residence in this city.

The Semaphore.

Shortly before the French revolution Claude Chappe at Angers invented a semaphore telegraph, consisting of relays of towers surmounted by movable arms. This plan, with modifications, was adopted in France, England and other countries. In August, 1794, the first of Chappe's lines was completed between Paris and Lille, and on Sept. 1 at noon the welcome news of the recapture of the town of Condo from the Austrians was transmitted by it from Lille and announced by Carnot to the deputies in Paris the same evening.

The inventor, who was the first person that received the title of telegraph engineer (ingenieur telegraphe), as head of a telegraphic department in the military service of the first republic, was succeeded in this office by his brothers, Ignatius and Reno. During the directory, the empire and the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X numerous lines of this description were constructed in France. Louis Philippe secured the introduction of the electric telegraph, but both systems were in use down to the time of the Crimean war, after which the semaphore was finally abandoned.—Cornhill Magazine.

Discovered.

Mike—How old are yez, Pat?

Pat—Thirty sivin next mont'

Mike—Yez must be older than that. When were yez born?

Pat—In 1861

Mike—I have yez now. Sure, yez told me the same date tin years ago!—London Tit-Bits.

Alcohol was not discovered until the seventh century, and the distillation of spirit from wine was not discovered until the twelfth century

The number of pupils in the schools of the United States last year was 16,115,197, an increase of nearly 5,000,000 since 1890.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. twenty five cents a bottle.

Don't let the little ones suffer from eczema or other torturing skin disease. No need for it. D. ...'s Ointment cures. Can't harm the most delicate skin. At any drug store, 50 cents.

THE HAIRDRESSER.

He Tells Stories of Human Vanity as Displayed In His Business.

The hairdresser was, as is not unusual with members of his profession, in a talkative mood. He was also inclined to meditate upon the vanities of humankind, which he has admirable opportunities to observe.

"If it wasn't for the fact that people think so much of their looks," he said, "we should lose three-quarters of our business and might as well shut up shop. It is wonderful to me, although you'd think I might be used to it by this time, to see how much trouble people will take about their hair. Just now the most fashionable shade of hair among women is a deep reddish brown or bronze. To get that color we bleach the hair to a blonde shade and then dye it to the proper bronze tone. It is a very slow job, for there must be five or six applications of the bleach, and then the dyeing takes a good deal of time. The whole process requires an entire day, and women will come in here and sit from morning until evening, never losing patience if they only think the result will be becoming and stylish.

"But that's only one of the ways in which they show their vanity about hair. There are lots of others. Why, I had a woman come in the other day who wanted all her own hair cut off, so that she could wear a wig. I looked at her in surprise. Her head was covered with thick, soft, naturally wavy hair of the finest quality, but what do you suppose was her objection to it? It was gray! I took out the hairpins, and the beautiful mass of hair fell in ripples far below her waist.

"'But, madam,' I said, 'it is a shame to cut off this hair. It is magnificent.'

"'Oh, no,' she said, 'I will not have gray hair. Cut it, I tell you. I want a brown wig.'

"So, of course, I did as I was told. The hair dropped to the floor, and I was glad, I tell you, when I found she didn't want to take it away with her. For you know, handsome gray hair is the rarest and hardest to get in our business. Most of it comes from abroad. What do you suppose that woman's hair was worth to me? Thirty dollars—not a cent less. She went away with a heavy brown wig, which was hideous compared with the hair she had just lost.

"It isn't fair, though, to lay all the vanity to the women. Lots of men come here at regular intervals to have their hair curled. Oh, it is true. There are plenty of men vain enough for that," he added as his auditor looked incredulous. "But I must admit I was dumfounded awhile ago when a man came to have his hair bleached. I made it a golden blond for him and then curled it, according to his orders. But I hope he won't come again. Men who have their hair curled haven't any too much sense, and a fellow who would have his hair bleached must be wrong in his head somewhere. I don't care to work for crazy folks," and the hairdresser put the finishing touches to the shampoo which he had been administering to his customer as he talked.—New York Tribune.

NAT GOODWIN'S DOG.

Many Remarkable Features That Prove the Canine to Have Been Unique.

"Did you ever hear about Nat Goodwin's big dog? No? Well, I don't vouch for the truth of this, but here's his history," said one of the men at the Chicago club. "You know Nat's magnetism would give points to a compass. Well, Nat was walking along a street one day when he passed a yard where there was a big St. Bernard chained to a doghouse. Nat looked at the dog and the dog looked at him and that settled it. The dog strained at his chain until it broke, then bounded to Nat, leaped and fawned on him and followed him home. Nat's valet gave the dog a scrubbing in a bathtub, and they had to make a jardiniere of the tub, because the waste pipe became dammed for any further use. The dog was named Jason. You've all heard of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

"The dog was intelligent, and Nat thought he would teach him some tricks. Nat knows a good many tricks himself and knows how to take one pretty well too. The dog was slow at first, but Nat said, 'I'll teach him in time.' So he planted the tub full of thyme and made the dog sleep in it, and do you know that dog got so he could tell thyme as well as a human being could. Why, he even got to chewing the clocks out of Nat's hosiery.

"His end was very sad, to hear Nat tell it. He was killed by an elephant in a menagerie. Nat and the dog were in the menagerie part of a circus one afternoon and while looking at the animals Nat missed Jason. Hearing a rumpus in the center of the tent, where the elephants and ponies and camels make a show of themselves, Nat rushed over, and there was a keeper trying to drive Jason away from a big camel. The dog was chewing the camel's tail with all his masticating strength, and the poor camel was howling with pain. Then the elephant threw a trunk on the dog, and Nat was just in time to see him breathe his last. 'Poor Jason!' said Nat. 'He was only fulfilling his destiny. Once on a time he strained at a Nat, and he died trying to swallow a camel.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trouble Ahead.

The Buffalo Commercial prints this irate letter from a father to a schoolteacher:

Sur: In regard to me keeping Willie out of School for work to help in the Corn i did not now it wold make such a houl with a man of good Since but it Seams to with you now you ps (evidently meant for please) under Stand. that Child is mine not yours and i have to borde and cloth him and i think I now what The law Says

"(now Sur you Can excep this as an excuse or not Sur do as you pleas, as i had Some Corn out and it is late, So drive a hed)

"We have no kings nor quenes nor empres in this Country and thairfore i can not obey your orders and if you wante Sind the truant officer up here do so but before he takes one of my children their will be A wors battle fought than their was betwen the armenians & the turks)

"now i have Sint my children to School before I Sint them to you and just as good a teacher to and they exeped them excuses and you will have to do the Same See."

How He Lost His Brains.

Cholly (relating his experience)—And the wuffian put a pistol to me head and said ho'd blow me bwains out if I didn't give him me watch, doncherknow!

Fairy Footlights—Oh, Cholly, why didn't you give him the watch?—Up to Date.

Easily Ascertained.

He—Do you know when you get a bad coin?

She—Why, certainly I do.

"How do you know?"

"Why, the man I offer it to refuses to take it."—Yonkers Statesman.

LOTS MORE LIKE IT.

Plenty More Proof Like This and All From Portsmouth People.

No chance for argument here.
No better proof can be had.
What a Portsmouth man says
Is the best of evidence for Portsmouth people.

Read this case.

We have lots more like it.

Mr. James Snow, of No. 5 Daniel street, assistant undertaker at Nickerson's, says: "I was under care of physicians but their medicine did me no good. I took any quantity of advertised remedies in vain, seeking for a cure. I had gnawing pains in my back that stuck to me nearly the whole time and a tenderness and soreness over my kidneys that made any sudden movement agony. Deafness in my head and that tired feeling haunted me. I wore more plasters than would fill a trunk and yet I did not take a whole box of Doan's Kidney Pills when the aching and lameness was gone. I tried so many medicines and experienced so much that I have no hesitation in saying that Doan's Kidney Pills are ahead of anything I have ever used and if I am ever troubled again and I may be, I know what to do."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster—Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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FINE OLD

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WHISKEY.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulant OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

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Or call him by telephone, 18—3, and he will send any team you want to your door.

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NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover street, or at residence, cor. New Vaughan street and Raynes avenue.

Telephone 59—2.

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Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

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F. W. HARTFORD,
B. M. TILTON,
Editors and Proprietors.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1900.

Lentz, of Ohio, is not a political blunder. He is simply a whole bunch of 'em.

There is growing reason to believe that the Tammany tiger is chock full of trust microbes.

Pedestrians are not allowed to whistle in the streets of Chicago. The town is actually becoming civilized.

Political experts now estimate that it will take the democratic party at least four years more to de-Bryanize itself.

Perhaps Bourke Cockran won't know what democratic party he belongs to this year until he consults a clairvoyant.

So far as David B. Hill's political plans are concerned, it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that the plot thickens.

If one may judge from Laureate Austin's squeaky little verses about the relief of Mafeking, we should say that his favorite musical instrument was the concertina.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, regards the story of Adam and Eve as a bit of humorous fiction. Still, Adam could never see anything funny in it.

Altgeld will address a great mass meeting in Kansas City the night before the assembling of Bryan's convention. The other vaudeville shows have engaged special attractions also.

One of the tender young poets of the west described a mole on a woman's cheek as "a tear drop petrified by its own audacity." This looks like a mean insinuation that the feminine face is stony.

Col. Moses Wetmore, the champion long distance trust pulverizer of Missouri, announces that Bryan will win in a canter. It is to be remembered, however, that the colonel frequently indulges in horse talk.

Gen. Hastings, the Bostonian, who contends that Sheridan's ride was purely mythical, may presently try to clinch the matter by adding that there was no such man as Sheridan. There's no use doing things by halves.

If Mr. Bryan were not engaged in a herculean effort to keep still twenty-four hours a day for thirty consecutive days, he would probably relieve himself of a few remarks to prove that the appearance of locusts in Kansas is due to the gold standard.

Anybody who will tell the gold democrats of Indiana just where they are and whither they are bound will place those gentlemen under lasting obligations. At present their craft is adrift in a dead calm, with her rudder gone, her compass missing and the captain in a comatose condition.

Governor Wood's order directing a vigorous investigation of every department of the Cuban government is precisely in line with the declared purpose of the authorities in Washington. That the examination will be thorough, prompt and merciless nobody acquainted with Gen. Wood's methods will doubt for a moment. No man in congress dare question his honesty, his courage or his ability, and the enemies of the administration know perfectly well that his order insures an investigation so rigorous and comprehensive that every fact and every detail of the official service in Cuba will be brought into the sunlight of publicity. To insist, in spite of this certainty, upon instituting an investigation by a senate committee is rank demagogism as well as an unjustifiable reflection upon Governor Wood's personal integrity.

Gov. Stephens of Missouri, makes a charge against the democratic leaders in St. Louis which, if it had come from republican sources, would have provoked a howl of wrath and derision. He declares that the lawlessness which has attended the strike of street car employes in St. Louis was instigated by democratic politicians for the purpose of making gains at the approaching primary elections, and that they are sending emissaries to sympathy meetings throughout the city to provoke further disorder. The governor's accusation against reckless leaders of his own party strengthens the belief that democratic agitators are trying to incite a general outbreak of strikes throughout the country merely for campaign purposes, and it shows that the democracy of St. Louis has in its racks some precious rogues, whose proper place is behind the bars.

MISJUDGED HIS MAN.

The Purchase of a Mine Which Proved an Unprofitable Transaction.

"After the war they had a land fever down in West Virginia, and I was there doing the best I could," said the all around speculator. "There was an old fellow there from South Carolina, plodding around in the same business as myself, but being a Yankee hustler I didn't look upon him as cutting much of a figure in the plots and counterplots of the boomers. There was a story current that he knew of a certain place in the mountains where there was plenty of gold and was trying to make enough money to acquire the title without having to pay anything for the hidden treasure. He had a vehement way of denying the report that made me believe it. I exhausted all my ingenuity in trying to get his secret, and two or three others united their efforts with mine.

"When a professional hypnotist came through there, I was seized with the idea that he might help us out. He saw the old man and expressed a belief that he was a good subject. One night we had him at our room in the hotel, and after some refreshments we called on the 'professor' for an exhibition of his powers. Soon he had the South Carolinian doing just what he was told to do, and then asked him about the gold deposit. He told everything with a detail that left no room for doubt, and when restored to himself asked in a dazed way what had happened.

"Next morning on going to the place described we found a few men on guard, keeping off trespassers. I hurried to New York, had a company formed and was soon back with authority to buy inside of some very generous figures. We were eager to deal before the old man got next to our scheme. We paid 1,000 times what the tract was worth and then dug it all to pieces to find that there wasn't a trace of gold. The man we bought from was the partner of the old Carolina fox. He was no more hypnotized than I am this minute."—Detroit Free Press.

The Keynote of Nature.

The Chinese find in the deep roar of the great and sacred rivers the keynote of nature. They say that the aggregate sound of nature, such as is heard in the roar of great rivers, the soughing of the wind in tall forest trees, the hum of great cities, etc., is a definite single tone of quite an appreciable pitch. Professor Rice, in his "Chinese Music," says that the Chinese recognized thousands of years ago this fact in regard to sound, which the scientists of today are just beginning to discover. As proof of this he quotes from their writings, "The waters of the Hoang-Ho, rushing by, intoned the great kung," called "the great tone" in Chinese music, and he shows this to correspond with the F, "considered by modern physicists to be the actual tonic of nature."

Professor B. Silliman, too, in his "Principles of Physics," says that "this tone is held to be middle F of the piano, which may therefore be considered the keynote of nature." This can easily be put to the test by any one in the following way: Go outside some fine night when sounds are clear and listen to the general sound of nature as from a distance. It will suggest a tone of a certain pitch. Keeping this in your mind, go inside and strike the middle F of the piano. The two sounds will be found to correspond in pitch.—Harper's Round Table.

The Man to See.

"My husband insists upon riding a hobby," announced the anxious wife to the cross grained family physician. "What can we do about it?"

"Better consult a horse doctor."—Detroit Free Press.

The First Baby.

When baby comes to the home it will bind the wife closer to the husband, or it will gradually tend to cut her off from his companship. A sickly mother loses in physical charm, and often in temper and disposition. A fretful child is a trial, even to loving parents. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription prepares the wife for motherhood. It strengthens the body, and induces a healthy condition of mind, free from anxiety or fear. It makes the baby's advent practically painless. The mother being healthy her child is healthy, and a healthy child is a happy child, a joy to the parents, linking them together with a new bond of affection.

There is no opium, cocaine or other narcotic in "Favorite Prescription."

"I read what your medicine has done for other people," writes Mrs. Edwin H. Gardner, of Beechwood, Norfolk Co. Mass., Box 79, "so thought I would try it, and I found it a blessing to me and family. I took your medicine a year when I had a ten pound girl. I had the easiest time I ever had with any of my three children, and I have been very well ever since. I took three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' three of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and three vials of 'Pellets.' Before I took your medicine I only weighed 115 pounds, and now I weigh 175 pounds."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick headache.

FORGING ONWARD.

Lord Roberts Crosses Vaal At Three Points.

Boers Now Retiring To The Klip River Hills.

A Pitched Battle Is Imminent At Laing's Nek.

LONDON, May 28, 2:00 A. M.—When Lord Roberts wrote his first despatch to the war office from the Transvaal territory, shortly before two o'clock yesterday afternoon, he was fifty-one miles from Johannesburg and seventy seven miles from Pretoria. His vastly superior forces had crossed the Vaal river (their last great natural obstacle) at three points. The Boer rear guard was at Meyerton, ten miles from Vereeniging. The main Boer body is making toward the Klip river hills, which cover the south side of Johannesburg. Several correspondents wire the London papers that President Kruger's proclamation to the burghers, asking them to vote for or against continuing the war is understood to say that they can quit now with good hope of retaining their farms, or fight it out to the bitter end. It is the belief among the officers of Lord Roberts' army that the Boers are about to surrender. Some of the correspondets wire that there are 15,000 foreigners in the Boers ranks, but this is not regarded as credible. A pitched battle is thought to be imminent at Laing's Nek, where General Buller is facing the Boers, who have been reinforced so that they number from eight to ten thousand, including a large body from Ladyrand and fresh commandos from Pretoria. General Buller's officers think it doubtful if the Boers can show the same obstinacy which characterized them at Ladysmith. General Buller is causing many arrests. Mr. Gawthorpe, a chemist, and his wife have been taken into custody on the charge of high treason. General Rundle is slowly sweeping the eastern section of the Free State. Wholesale surrenders are expected in that district, but they have not yet occurred. The British in Mafeking have been indulging in some lively cricket matches. The relieving force is resting. Lord Roberts has wired the war office that he has urgent need of more rolling stock and a London paper reports that orders for fifty locomotives and many cars have been placed in the United States, because the English manufacturers are unable to turn them out speedily enough.

Roberts Crosses The Vaal.

LONDON, May 27.—The war office today posted the following bulletin from Lord Roberts:

VREENIGING, May 27.—We crossed the Vaal this morning and are now in camp on the north bank. The advance troops, who crossed yesterday, were only in time to save the coal mines, both on this and the other side of the river, from being destroyed. Our casualities numbered four. Baden-Powell reports that the railway between Mafeking and Buelwangos has been restored and supplies are being brought into Mafeking. He says Canadian artillery joined Col. Plumer from Beira with increditable rapidity.

THE "IRISH INVINCIBLES."

NEW YORK, May 27.—James Fitz Harris, alias "Kid, the Goat," and Joseph Mullett, the two surviving members of the "Irish Invincibles," who were recently released from prison in Ireland, where they have been serving a life sentence for complicity in the Phoenix park murders of 1882, were today ordered excluded by the board of special inquiry at the immigrants station. The case will probably be appealed to the authorities at Washington and if no action is taken, Fitz Harris and Mullet will leave this port on Saturday next, on the Lucania.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy Monday and Tuesday, probably showers Tuesday, cooler in western portions, fresh east to south winds, becoming variable.

LOSS, $30,000.

BROCKTON, MASS., May 27.—Keith's block in Campbello was totally burned this afternoon. The loss will probably be about $30,000.

Made at Stahl City, N. Y.

The best 5c. Cigar that ever happened.

The best dealers sell them. Gentlemen smoke them.

THE RICHARDSON CO., 335 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

COMING WEEK IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—The house leaders are figuring that the senate will agree to the house resolution to adjourn Wednesday, June 6th. The conference report on the appropriations bill will have the right of way. There are a half dozen other measures of public importance pressing, including the oleomargarine bill, the anti-canteen bill, the St. Louis fair bill and the anti-trust measures, but the indications are that none of them, save the anti-trust bill and resolution, will be considered.

SENATE FORECAST.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—The time of the senate during the present week will be occupied between the Philippine question and the consideration of the appropriations bill, with a diversion about the middle of the week, when the Clark case will again come up. The senate will make an effort to meet the plans of the house and finish up the business so that both bodies can adjourn on June 6th.

BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:

Cincinnati 2, Pittsburg 10; at Cincinnati.

The Chicago Brooklyn game was prevented by rain.

FIRST SOUTHERN TORPEDO.

Used In the James River After the Fight at Seven Pines.

The story of the first torpedo which was invented and used by General Gabriel Rains during the war with the Seminole Indians, April, 1840, ended in the fighting of 16 soldiers, who had gone with Captain Rains to investigate the cause of the explosion, with some 100 or more Indians, and among the casualties the wounding of the captain and his being carried to Fort King in the arms of his men. Another and second torpedo had been previously placed at the post by him, and soon after the fight 1,000 or more troops were collected there, and it became such a dread to the whole army that a soldier guard was put over it until Captain Rains was able to go and take it up.

"Suppose," said one officer to another high in rank, "that the captain had died of his wound. What would you have done?" "I thought," said the second officer, "of firing at it with a 9 pounder at a safe distance and thus knocking it to pieces."

The occasion of his first submarine torpedo was as follows: Soon after the battle of Seven Pines General Lee, commanding, sent for General Rains and said to him: "The enemy have upward of 100 vessels in the James river, and we think that they are about making an advance that way upon Richmond, and if there is a man in the whole Southern Confederacy that can stop them you are that man. Will you undertake it?"

"I will try," was the answer, and, observing that ironclads were invulnerable to cannon of all caliber used and were really masters of rivers and harbors, it required submarine inventions to checkmate and conquer them, so an order was issued forthwith putting General Gabriel Rains in charge of submarine defenses, and on James river bank, opposite to Drury's Bluff, his first submarine torpedo was made, the primogenitor and precursor of all such inventions, now world renowned, as civilized nations have each a torpedo corps.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

It is told of Lord Norbury that when passing sentence of death on a man convicted of stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow, you made a grasp at time, but you caught eternity."

It is said that in the German army the soldiers commit suicide at the rate of 65 per annum in each 100,000 men.

AN APPEAL FOR FLOWERS.

HEADQUARTERS
STORER POST, No. 1, G. A. R.

All persons having flowers to contribute for Memorial day will please send them to the new county court house on State street on Monday, the 28th, Tuesday, the 29th, and Wednesday morning, the 30th. The court house will be open Sunday afternoon. If desired, some member of the committee will call for them, by leaving word at the court house or at

T. W. PRIEST, 59 Daniel street,
Chairman of Committee on Flowers.

WENTWORTH HOUSE BRIDGE CLOSED.

Wentworth house bridge will be closed on May 8th, until further notice, for repairs, by order of selectmen of Rye.

All the healing, balsamic virtues of the Norway pine are concentrated in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

A TRAGEDY.

She passed me in the crowded square
And on her little face forlorn
I caught a glimmer of despair
Her childish brow had never worn.
Yet as she lightly smiled at me
I saw the old half wistful air
Still lurking in her sea blue eyes:
For I had known her as a child,
And ere she grew so worldly wise,
When she was like a flower and fair,
We two had wandered, free and wild,
Down hills that faced the sea.

Oh, she who seemed a flower of old
And knew each hill and highland place
From April green to autumn gold
I saw go through the drifting rain
With rouge upon her childish face
To hide a shadow of the pain
And all the aging sorrow there!
Yet with the same old queenly tread
She faded down the darkening square
Amid the night she knew too well,
And like the stateliest flower that grows
She held her queenly little head,
And still, it seemed, from that poor rose
An old sweet perfume fell.

—Arthur J. Stringer in Harper's Magazine.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scrofula and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him and continued giving him medicine for about four months when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scrofula and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure. I do not think there will be even a scar left. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I recommend it everywhere I get a chance." MRS. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

Like Magic.

"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SEELEY, 1874 West 14th Ave., Denver, Col.

If you have failed to get relief from other remedies try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures when all others fail, because it is Peculiar to Itself.

SUMMER HOTELS OF MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WHERE TO GO FOR AN OUTING.

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,

HAMPTON BEACH,

Where you get the famous

FISH DINNERS.

Most beautifully situated hotel on the coast. Parties catered to.

JOHN CUTLER, Proprietor.

The Famous HOTEL WHITTIER,

Open the Entire Year.

Favorite stopping place for Portsmouth people.

If you are on a pleasure drive you cannot fail to enjoy a meal at Whittier's.

OTIS WHITTIER, Proprietor.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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Ass. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSCOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINCHESTER.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock noon, May 29, 1900, and publicly opened immediately thereafter, to furnish at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., the daily supply of provender for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901. Blank proposals will be furnished upon application to the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. A. S. KENNY, Paymaster General U. S. N. 5-1-00. may21,28

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Tuesdays of each month.

Officers—Geo. S. Kirven, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D., D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy Chan.; James Whitman, Warden; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, Rec. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodssum, J. Ex.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas. Harrold, Sian.; Joseph Walch, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each moth, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R., H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. C.

Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, Arthur S. Johnson; Sr. Seneschal, J. E. Chickering; Jr. Seneschal, Arthur C. Dores; Sarsacos, E. W. Voudy Rec. Sec., J. E. Harrold; Fin. Sec., A. O. Caswell; Treas., F. C. Langley; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Surgeon, Dr. A. B. Sherburne; Warden, W. P. Gardner.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Memorial Evening Exercises.

The following is the programme of the entertainment at Music Hall on Memorial evening, as arranged by the Joint Committee of Storer Post and General Gilman Marston Command:

1. Opening Remarks, Major David Urch, president of the evening exercises
2. Invocation, Rev. George E. Leighton.
3. Selection, Orchestra.
4. Quartette, March of the Guard, Gribel; Apollo Quartette of Boston.
5. Reading, a In the Catacombs, Ballard; b A Veteran Vanquished, Anon; Miss Ida Florence, Boston
6. Piano Solo, a Rondo d'Amour, Westerhout; b Rhapsodie No. 8, Liszt; Miss Gertrude Lufkin, Boston.
7. Quartette, songs, illustrated, Apollo Quartette.
8. Selection, Orchestra.
9. Oration, Dr. C. W. Hidden, Newburyport, Mass.
10. Reading, A Tribute to the Civil and Spanish War Veterans and Heroes, illustrated. Miss Ida Florence.
11. Baritone Solo, The Deathless Army, Trotore; Mr. Fred E. Kendall, Boston.
12. Quartette, a Dean yer cry ma Honey, Noll; b Peter Piper, Caldicott; Apollo Quartette.
13. Reading, a Paul Revere's Ride, illustrated; b Recessional, Rudyard Kipling; Miss Ida Florence.
14. Quartette, Reveries, Storch; Apollo Quartette.
15. Benediction, Rev. George E. Leighton.

Tickets have been placed at 25 cents to all parts of the hall, and will go on sale Friday, May 25th, at Boardman & Norton's, Grace's, Green's, Preston's and Philbrick's Drug Stores.

Lawn Mowers AND Grass Knives Sharpened.

G. B. CHADWICK & CO.,
MACHINISTS,
11 BOW ST.

More than Seventy Million of cigars sold in New England by the manufacturers of the

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The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used is of extra fine flavor.

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Dr. C. O-Smith,

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Removed to 34 Fleet Street
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OFFICE HOURS: Till 10 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 9 p. m.
Special Attention Given to Disease Women and Children.

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Residence, 98 State St.
Office, 26 Congress St.
Portsmouth, N. H
OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M., 3 P. M. 7:30 to 10 Evenings.

C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.

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Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

84 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H
Office Hours:
Until 9 A. M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from $15.00 up and pants from $4.00 up.

CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

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AND
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
5 Daniel St., Portsmouth.

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.
Telephone at office and residence.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

VISIONS OF SLEEP.

EVENTS FORESHADOWED AND RECALLED IN DREAMS.

How a Bank Clerk Found the Explanation of a Small Deficit—The Assassination of Mr. Percival Was Vividly Foretold In a Dream.

The peculiar condition of the mind in dreaming, though doubtless determined by certain mental laws, appears not to be traceable to any laws which are at present fully understood. Dreams of the commonest kinds, however, seem to be referable to some of our waking states and follow the train of thought and feeling with which we have been previously occupied. Recent events and recent mental emotions mingle into a continuous series or, combined with old events, take possession of us when asleep and produce impressions, which, though often fantastically unreal, are manifestly occasioned by some reality which had antecedently affected us.

Among the most curious and unaccountable of dreams are those consisting of the revival of old associations, respecting things which had entirely passed out of the memory, and which seemed to have been forgotten. Dr. Abercrombie relates an instance which came under his knowledge. A gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow and was at his place at the teller's table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of £6. There were several people waiting who were in turn entitled to be attended before him, but he was extremely impatient and rather noisy, and, being a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying that another gentleman requested the teller to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction.

At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months afterward, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly £6. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavoring to discover the error, but without success, when at last the teller returned home and went to bed. He dreamed of being at his place at the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer as now detailed passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of, and on examination soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in manner above mentioned had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.

In 1553 Nicholas Wolton, then the English embassador at the court of France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wolton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe he wrote to Queen Mary and begged her to send for his nephew and cause him to be examined by the lords of the council on some frivolous pretense and committed to the Tower. This was done, and on the embassador's return Thomas Wolton confessed to him that but for his committal to prison he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

During an investigation in the north of Scotland respecting an atrocious murder committed on a peddler a man came forward voluntarily and declared that he had had a dream in which there was represented to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house in which there was buried the pack, or box for small articles of merchandise, of the murdered person. On search being made the pack was found, but not exactly at the spot the dreamer had mentioned, yet very near it. The first impressions on the minds of the public authorities was that he was either the murderer or an accomplice in the crime. But the individual accused was soon after clearly convicted. Before his execution he fully confessed his crime and in the strongest manner possible exculpated the dreamer from any participation in or knowledge of the murder.

A gentleman residing in the county of Cornwall, in the west of England, had a dream which foreshadowed the death of Mr. Percival, the statesman, eight days before the murder was committed. His dream ran that he was standing in the lobby of the house of commons, when he saw a small man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately afterward he saw a man, dressed in a brown coat, with yellow basket metal buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell. The blood issued from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present and observed his countenance, and upon asking who the gentleman was who was shot he was told that it was the chancellor of the exchequer. He then awoke and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it. But in the course of the night the dream occurred three times without the least variation in any of the circumstances. He was now so much impressed by it that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival, but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him that he would only get himself treated like a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day after he received the account of the murder. Being in London a short time afterward, he found in the printshops a representation of the scene and recognized in it the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat and the peculiar yellow basket buttons on Bellingham, the murderer's coat, precisely as he had so vividly seen them in his dream. —Boston Herald.

The Thoughtless Ones.

What is there more provoking than to have unfaithful, lazy men either connected with you in business or employed about your premises? The moment that our faith in the doctrine of "total depravity" is the most rigorous and active is when we see men and boys whom we have treated liberally and kindly neglect their duties and "loaf" about the streets or in bed when they should be at their posts. These unfaithful people, however, do not seem to be aware that their indifference and indolence work more to their own disadvantage than to that of their employers, and because they are treated kindly they too frequently fancy that their services are indispensable about an establishment

We have met with several instances of this sort in our own experience, and we would exhort that portion of our readers who may be employed in either large or small establishments to be careful lest they fall into this lazy, faithless, negligent habit. When you act faithfully toward your employer, you act still more faithfully toward yourself.—New York Ledger.

IN WASHINGTON'S POCKETS.

Search Showed First President Did Not Use Gum or Cigarettes.

A man who had returned from a post which he held in a foreign country told a reporter an amusing story of something which occurred several years ago at the National museum. The gentleman in question was connected with the museum unofficially. He spent much time there, assisting to arrange the different exhibits. In this capacity he had a key which admitted him to most of the cases where the relics, etc., were kept. He knew the curators at the museum and enjoyed their full confidence. He said:

"One afternoon after the museum had been closed I was there with two or three of the other men connected with the place. I do not know just how the thing started, but we jokingly proposed to search the pockets of the clothes of George Washington, which were on exhibition. We had been arranging them or looking at them, I think, which suggested this:

"'Let's see if the old gentleman left any money in his clothes, or what he was in the habit of carrying about with him,' one of us said, and the idea was carried out.

"There was nothing in any of the pockets but one. In the bottom of this, when it was turned inside out, was some brown, powdery substance, which had a most pungent smell. There was considerable of this, which was either tobacco or snuff, showing that the Father of His Country was most likely addicted to the use of it. I put it in a piece of paper and kept it carefully.

"The funniest part of it was that when I showed it to my little son on returning home he berated me soundly for taking part in a proceeding which he characterized as sacrilege in daring to violate the garments of so noted a person by putting my hands in his pocket.

"'It was much better to do it after he was dead, my boy, than to do the pickpocket act while he was living,' I declared.

"It proved conclusively to me that the immortal George did not possess the chewing gum or cigarette habit. If he smoked tobacco, he used it in a pipe. There was nothing of a dude about him."—Washington Star.

TOLD BY THE CIRCUS MAN.

The Big Giraffe's Usefulness In Carrying a Torch For the Calliope Player.

"In all night parades," said the old circus man, "we used to have a big 18 foot giraffe carry a torch, and there wasn't anything in the whole procession that attracted more attention. We had a torch made specially for him, with an extra long handle with a grip piece about midway of its length, which the giraffe held in his mouth. The handle rose six or eight feet above the giraffe's head, so that he carried the big torch about 25 feet above the ground. The lower end of the handle was steadied by means of a strap made fast to it and buckled around the giraffe's neck.

"We had at that time a steam calliope, one of the first ever carried in a circus. I don't know but what it was the very first, and we used to have the giraffe, carrying the torch, march beside the calliope. You've seen men and boys marching alongside the band at night carrying torches for the musicians to see their notes by? Well, we had the giraffe march beside the calliope to light the music for the calliope player. In order to make the calliope outfit fit the giraffe we had a wagon built with a broad wheel base, so that we could safely carry the platform that the calliope stood on up high, but it looked as though we had the giraffe carry the torch for the player because that was the only way we could get the light up to him.

"You know, the calliope in those days used to get the people tremendous. The calliope itself was a great card, but when you come to see the professor sitting up there on the platform playing away on the keyboard, with his gaze fixed on the music in front of him and every now and then turning over a leaf and then pouncing down on the keys again so as not to lose the time, while all the while the giraffe was marching solemnly alongside holding the torch as near as he could, so that the professor could see the music—um-m! Well, the people used to just go wild over it, and I'm not so certain myself but what it was the greatest thing we ever taught the giraffe to do."—New York Sun.

The "Smartest Dog."

John N. Conover, the liveryman, has perhaps the most intelligent dog in all this country. He is a shepherd and is valued very highly by his owner. George Coffey went out home with Mr. Conover one day, and upon his return related the following to a representative of The News: "Well, sir, John Conover has got the smartest dog I ever saw, and if he was mine I wouldn't take $100 for him. I was out at John's today, and it was raining. The dog was lying by the stove, and John said to him, calling him by name: 'This fire is about out. Go and get a stick of wood.' The dog sprang up, went hastily to the woodhouse and returned with a stick in his mouth. Mr. Conover then remarked, 'Go up stairs and get my old hat.' The summons was obeyed, and in two minutes Mr. Conover was presented with his hat, but it was not the one he wanted, so he told the dog to take it back and bring another one, describing it, and this time no mistake was made. He then said to the dog: 'It is raining. Go and see that the cattle are in the field convenient to the barn.' The dog started with a yelp, and it was not long until he came in, satisfying his master that his orders had been obeyed." —Columbia (Ky.) News.

Absolute Surrender.

A little child was one day playing with a very valuable vase, when he put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said:

"Now, my son, make one more try. Open your hand and hold your fingers out straight, as you see me doing, and then pull."

To their astonishment, the little fellow said, "Oh, no, papa, I couldn't put out my fingers like that, for if I did I would drop my penny." How many of us are like him! Held prisoners by our own desires. —Ram's Horn.

The Queen's English.

Englishman—I say, yo knaw what's the bookage to Boston?

Railroad Ticket Clerk—The whatage?

Englishman—The bookage, yo knaw—the tariff. What's the tariff?

Ticket Clerk—I haven't time to talk politics.—New York Weekly.

The Parisians are credited with having found out how to make false eyelashes. They draw a fine needle threaded with dark hair through the skin of the eyelid, forming long loops, and after the process is over—it is said to be a painless one—a splendid dark fringe veils the wearer's eyes.

THE TRUNK OF VALUABLES.

A Story of How a Babe Escaped From a Railroad Wreck.

When a man has handled the express money for a score of years without loss or any sort of accident, the company begins to appreciate him and lets down a little on the cast iron rules that hedge employees. So is was that Sam Alton was sometimes allowed to take his young wife and baby boy on his trips when they made him stay at the other end of the road over Sunday. And Jennie Alton grew quite accustomed to making herself comfortable for a journey of 100 miles or so among the variety of things that are piled in an express car, while the boy crowed with delight and tumbled over his father without the slightest regard for the long yellow bills that seemed so important to the messenger. Then it was such fun to fix the big trunk with a gunny sack for a cover when Charlie grew sleepy.

"That chest is meant for us to carry valuables in, and I reckon it's serving its purpose," Sam would say as he softly arranged the folded coat for the curly head, and Jennie would laugh low in delight and be perfectly willing to listen to the same tender joke very often.

Valuable! Why, all the money in all the canvas sacks in the safe wouldn't buy one curl of his golden hair! Two faces would bend above the trunk lovingly, and Jennie would caution her husband to fasten the lid up well as she thought with a shudder of the tragedy of Genevra.

It was just before Christmas when Jennie and the boy made their last trip in the express messenger's car. Sam was pretty busy, and there was hardly room for them to sit, but he piled the packages high, and when he lifted one that he thought might be a trinket or jewels or a cloak of seal he sighed a bit, wishing the gift was for Jennie. But she was well content in that pearl of great price, a good man's love, and watched her boy sleeping in the trunk with eyes full of brooding tenderness that always seems to grow more fine as the anniversary of the nativity draws near.

Suddenly a crash as of collision threw the three in the car together on the floor, with the boxes and bales tumbling around them. The lid of the trunk cracked and swung down, shutting the baby inside, but before the parents could extricate themselves they felt the car suddenly lift in the air and then plunge downward.

"Charlie!" shrieked the mother, all the prayers that a woman's heart can frame expressed in that one word. Then the engine drank from the river hissingly. The side fell away from the car, leaving a sight of a waste of waters: then blindness and silence.

A farmer and his wife stood at the edge of their acres and watched a box float in the water. It looked as though it might contain valuables, and the man secured it, to find within, smiling and rosy in sleep, a little orphan boy who said his name was "Tarlie."—Chicago Journal.

No Recollection of It.

One of the most noted of the hardy western frontiersmen was Kit Carson, to whom, with Daniel Boone, belongs the credit of having always dealt fairly with the various Indian tribes, as they themselves acknowledged. The withdrawal of Carson by the government was the cause of a great war. Captain Henry Inman, in his book, the "Old Santa Fe Trail," relates an amusing incident of the gallant pioneer.

My own conception of Kit Carson, as a child, was that he was 10 feet high, that it would have required the strength of two men to lift his rifle, that he usually drank a river dry and picked the carcass of a whole buffalo clean as easily as a lady does the wing of a quail. Years after, when I made the acquaintance of the foremost frontiersman, I found him a delicate, reticent, under sized, wiry man, the very opposite type of what my childish brain had created.

One day while Kit was at the fort I came across a periodical that had a full page illustration of a scene in a forest. In the foreground stood a gigantic figure dressed in the traditional buckskin.

On one arm rested an immense rifle. His other arm was around the waist of the conventional female of such sensational journals, while in front half a dozen Indians lay prone, evidently slain by the hero in the impossible attire in defense of the preposterous female. The legend stated how all this had been effected by Kit Carson.

I handed it to Kit. He wiped his spectacles, studied the picture intently for a few seconds and then said:

"Gentlemen, that thar may be true, but I hain't got no recollection of it."

Wasteful Western Rivers.

"Queer American Rivers" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas written by Mr. Spearman. The author says of western rivers:

All the rivers of the plains are alike full of yellow mud, because the soil of the plains melts at the touch of water. These are our spendthrift rivers, full to the banks at times, but most of the year desperately in need of water. It is only with the greatest effort that they can keep their places in the summer. There is just a scanty thread of water strung along a great, rambling bed of sand to restrain Dame Nature from revoking their licenses to run and turning them into cattle ranches.

No wonder that respectable fish refuse to have anything to do with such streams and refuse tempting offers of free worms, free transportation and protection from the fatal nets. Fancy trying to raise a family of little fish and not knowing one day where water is coming from the next!

Not but what there is water enough at times. Only those rivers of the great plains, like the Platte and the Kansas and the Arkansas, are so wasteful of their supply in the spring that by July they are gasping for a shower. So part of the year they revel in luxury, and during the rest they go shabby, like shiftless people.

A New Poet to Order.

An editor has received the following letter from a budding genius:

MY DEAR SIR—I melose here with some Poems of my own composure the first I have attempted to write. So if they are wath anything to you, You can Publish them, and if you know of any Publishing Co, who wishes for a poem writer, Please give thim my name and address. If you think warth while to do so. You will Oblige me very much. If you wish a poem on any Subject Just draw up what you wish and let me have a trial at same Those I enclose are my first to write.

Clearly that poet has confidence in himself, "Just draw up what you wish" and send it on, and he'll fill all orders "with poems of his own composure." It's a big contract, but everything goes in "the literary business."—Chicago Times Herald.

After the Sermon.

Higgins—Dr. Wordy's delivery is so rapid that he reminds you of an express train.

Wiggins—Yes; but he is sadly deficient in terminal facilities.—New York Tribune.

SONG TO POLLY.

I saw six eggs within a nest
  And loved the sparrow as she flew.
Ah, Mistress Polly, love is best!
  I'll build a nest with you.

I saw the pollen from the pine
  Go seeking up the windy hill
And thought its fate as hard as mine
  Unless it had its will.

Why, Polly, every lovely flower
  Is just a woman, too, and waits
Until the bee, the wind, the shower,
  Shall bring their happy freights.

When all the world is full of spring,
  And Hymen, Hymen, all, oh!
Is all the song the creatures sing
  You shall not answer no.

—P. H. Savage in Chap Book.

PETRIFIED ARTICLES.

A Huge Tree That Is Slowly Sinking Into the Earth.

Warda and the surrounding country are noted for petrified articles of various kinds. I have on exhibition a petrified rock about 2 feet long and 1½ feet wide. It weighs 45 pounds and is without a doubt a shoulder blade of a mastodon. It plainly shows the socket in which the bone of the leg revolves. It was found several years ago by a party while seining in the bed of the Colorado river. Within three-quarters of a mile from Warda there is a petrified tree, supposed to have been a post oak. It is about 20 feet long, and at the thick end of the trunk it is about 2 feet in diameter, while at the top it is over a foot in diameter. When first observed, about 18 years ago, about half of its diameter was above ground, but owing to its great weight it is slowly but constantly sinking. All around in this part of the country a person can find specimens of petrified wood of many varieties.

The writer has observed stumps and parts of stumps plainly showing traces where they had once been burned, and now they are solid rock. It seems as though untold quantities of petrified wood could be found under the ground, for if a person will make an examination of the banks of the local creeks, gullies and ravines he can find pieces of petrified wood sticking out of the banks on every side. The writer in examining some specimens in the surrounding creeks found several pieces of petrified wood protruding from the banks, which, although petrified, was so brittle that it could be broken to pieces with the hand. The cause of this appears to be a lack of some kind of acid necessary in the course of petrification to make it solid. One of the most curious and at the same time one of the most perfect specimens that the writer has observed is what is supposed to be a petrified stomach. It plainly shows a quantity of petrified acorns and other ingredients which cannot now be distinguished. It is supposed to be the stomach of a hog or some other prehistoric herbivorous animal. The writer has also noticed two other very beautiful specimens, the one being a prehistoric shell, known by the Latin name of Nautilus lineatus, and the other a common pear.—Galveston News.

Wonderfully Good Sight.

The Duchess of X—— once went to Greenwich to see the marvels of the observatory. It was a lovely night, and for the fair duchess' benefit the great telescope was duly leveled at the dazzling field of stars.

"What is that star?" she said, pointing to a very bright one.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, a star of the first magnitude."

"Is it very far off?" asked her grace.

"About six or seven light years, your grace."

"What is a light year?"

"Merely an expression which one uses to convey an idea of the distance which light travels in a year. Roughly speaking, light travels at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second, and there are about 31,000,536 seconds in a year. In one year, therefore, light travels above 5,991,840,000,000 miles. The expression 'light year' includes these figures."

"And is that star all those millions of miles away?"

"Yes, your grace, as nearly as we can calculate."

"Then, all I can say," remarked the duchess, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name at that distance, even with this big telescope. It's really most marvelous."—London Tit-Bits.

Du Maurier and Keene.

With all my admiration for Leech it was at the feet of Charles Keene that I found myself sitting, besides which we were much together in those days, talking endless shop, taking long walks, riding side by side on the knifeboards of omnibuses, dining at cheap restaurants, making music at each other's studios. His personal charm was great, as great in its way as Leech's. He was democratic and so was I, as one is bound to be when one is impecunious and the world is one's oyster to open with the fragile point of a lead pencil. His Bohemian world was mine, and I found it a very good world and very much to my taste—a clear, honest, wholesome, innocent, intellectual and most industrious British Bohemia, with lots of tobacco, lots of good music, plenty of talk about literature and art and not too much victuals or drink. Many of its denizens that were have become Royal academicians or have risen to fame in other ways; some have had to take a back seat in life; surprisingly few have gone to the bad.—George du Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

Nicotine.

An English scientist has made some interesting experiments as to the effect of nicotine upon the lungs and heart. He has arrived at the conclusion that a man of easy going nature can smoke a great deal without much injury to himself, while a nervous man will damage his health seriously by smoking much. A man who takes plenty of exercise in the open air may smoke with impunity, while he who sits much at a desk must beware of the fatal fascinations of "My Lady Nicotine."

In the Rhetoric Class.

"Miss Kerbiff, in the sentence 'Daniel Webster stood there like a great oak tree' point out the idea the author was trying to convey. In what respect could Daniel Webster be said to resemble a 'great oak tree?'"

"Well, he might have been rooted to the spot."—Chicago Tribune.

Tiger eye is a peculiar crystallization of quartz. Formerly very rare and costly, large deposits have been found in the western states of America and in South Africa, so that many common articles are now made of it.

Louis XVI might have escaped from France had he not delayed on the journey to feast on pigs' feet.

THE JOKE WENT ASTRAY.

And a Couple of Innocents Endured All the Suffering In Consequence.

We had amused ourselves at the expense of a certain commercial traveler staying at our hotel, and in return the traveler endeavored to play a trick on us.

It happened that when we struck the hotel it was so full that we had to engage rooms on the second floor. There were four of us, so we engaged rooms Nos. 95 and 96, with the proviso that we should have choice of double bedded rooms on the first floor as soon as they were empty. On the day of revenge our goods and chattels were moved down to the first floor, rooms Nos. 35 and 36. And that night a strange thing happened. We were sitting quietly at supper when we heard a violent ringing of about ten bells and a yelling and shouting from up stairs. Our party of four gazed at each other inquiringly, but nobody volunteered an explanation. The commercial traveler sat in the room, and he looked across at us with a startled air and turned pale. We went out to reconnoiter.

There was a huge gouty old gentleman in pyjamas at the head of the stairs, and he was shouting for the manager. He had turned into a bed that was crammed full with lumps of coal and brushes and crockery and combs and broken biscuits. The number of his room was 96. While he was telling his tale there was some commotion in 95. The door flew open, and a couple of men rushed out, using very discreditable language. They had a similar story to tell and similar complaints to make. It was disgraceful, intolerable. So it was for one of the best hotels in the provinces.

Of course the manager called me aside and blamed me for everything. I protested my innocence, but I don't think he believed me until the chambermaid put in a word or two.

"It wasn't Mr. Roberts' party, sir. It was Mr. Fred (the commercial traveler). I saw him coming in and out of the rooms, and I looked in afterward, but couldn't see anything wrong."

Poor bagman! He had meditated a revenge deep and dire, but it had missed fire. I will draw a veil over what the manager said to him and another over what the traveler said to us. But it was great fun in the morning to sympathize with the gouty old gentleman and to echo his sentiments.—"Life of Arthur Roberts."

The Great Pie Question.

I once heard talked over between two respectable ladies, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in The Atlantic, some disrespectful remarks of mine on the American pie. I had said in a lecture that the average pie of the American railway station was "something very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom and with untold horrors in the middle." I had given this lecture at Fall River, Mass., and was returning by way of the steamboat to Providence, when I heard one of my neighbors ask the other if she heard the lecture

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones, she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table and says she, 'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never goin to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Mr. Weller did not feel more gratified when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry" and wondered what they would call a roast one than I when my poor stock of phrases was re-enforced by this unexpected polysyllable. Instead of wasting so many words to describe an American railway pie I should have described it more tersely as a "concomitant."

Genius and Soap.

There was a sign nailed to the door of the business office which attracted general attention, and yet at a casual glance there did not appear to be anything remarkable about it. It simply said:

"WANTED.—A good business poet; good salary to the right party. Apply within."

"The sign is all right," explained the manager. "We want just what it says—'a good business poet'—none of your geniuses, but a fellow with grit and get up in his composition."

"And what do you want with him?" he was asked.

"A good deal," replied the manager. "We're manufacturing a new brand of soap, and to compete with others we've got to have poetical advertisements that will catch the public ear. The last poet we employed was a dreamer and wrote odes to our soap which were too classic to be popular. What we really need are brisk, breezy, catchy couplets like this:

There's life and hope
In Johnson's soap.
Just give it rope, etc.

"We've had 70 applications for the place this morning, but the right man has not arrived yet. We'll get him, however, before the day's over."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Language of Animals.

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Glimby, "that the language of animals depends not upon where they were born, but upon their kind. All of a kind speak in the same tongue, no matter where they come from. Thus, strolling down a South street wharf the other day, as I love to do, to look at the ships, I was barked at as I passed by a dog standing on the deck of a Norwegian ship. And this dog did not bark at me in Norwegian, but in its own universal dog language, which I could readily understand.

"And it was certainly an agreeable sound. It brought the far north country near and made it seem homelike. It made the whole world home, for it brought to mind the fact that nature and the lower animals speak to us in familiar tones everywhere. It is only the tongue of man that is confused."—New York Sun.

Nursery Rhymes.

The old, merry rhyme "Girls and boys come out to play" is said to date back to the time of Charles II, in whose reign "Lucy Locket lost her pocket" is supposed to have had its origin. "Sing a song of sixpence" is traced back to the sixteenth century. "Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?" is of the Elizabethan period. "Little Jack Horner" is probably as old, and "London bridge is broken down" is of unknown antiquity.

Making a Precedent.

Stage Manager—Oh, people don't do that way in real life.

Great Actress—No, but they will after they see me.—Detroit Journal.

OLD DR. HALLOCK'S

Wonderful Electric Pills

For Weak, Worn Out and Nervous People.

Old Dr. Hallock's Electric Pills for Weak, Worn-out, Nervous People are as different from anything else as day is from night. They are not a stimulant, but a blood, brain and nerve builder. Within three days after taking Dr. Hallock's Electric Pills you notice the return of the vim, snap and energy that you have counted as lost forever, while a continuous use of Electric Pills causes a permanent never to return cure

Sufferers, trace a! Help is at hand. Use these grand Electric Pills and the nervous, irritable, weakened, trembling feelings will disappear; your sleep will be natural, calm and restful; you will wake mornings feeling strong and vivacious, instead of tired; all gloomy depressions and sense of anxiety and dread will fade from your mind; your nerves will become strong, your ambition will be restored and perfect health and strength will take the place of weakness and debility. The testimony of thousands of men and women whom Dr. Hallock's Electric Pills have lifted from a helpless condition of long suffering tells the tale of this great remedy more effectively than words can portray. Remedy thoroughly tested for 30 years and never known to fail. Try them. Sold at all drug stores, $1 per box, or 6 boxes, sufficient to cure the most obstinate cases, $5, with complete directions for home treatment. Sold by W. D. Grace, 11 Market Square, Portsmouth, N. H.

FREE TREATMENT.

To prove the merits of our remedies we will send by mail a five days' treatment, with medical advice, free of charge, on receipt of 10 cents to pay postage and expenses. Send for a trial treatment today. Address HALLOCK DRUG CO., 119 Court st., Boston, Mass.

—THE—

FRANK JONES BREWING CO

OF PORTSMOUTH N. H.,

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

-OLD INDIA- -PALE ALE-

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is put up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

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We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

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The only lot of fresh cement in the city.

We have the largest stock, and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

J. A & A. W. WALKER

137 MARKET ST.

The Best Bargain Ever Offered in York.

FARM 200 Acres, 50 of it Wood and Lumber. Fine buildings in thorough order. House 30x40, 2 story. Barn 40x60. Corn House, Piggery, Hennery. Good orchard. Never failing well; cistern. Elevated and sightly. Good oil, raise anything. Near market. Title perfect. $3000; no less

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Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Trains leave Portsmouth

FOR BOSTON, 3.50, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53, a. m., 2.27, 5.00 7.28 p. m. Sundays 3.50, 8.07 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

FOR PORTLAND, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45 8.50, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 10.45 a. m., 8.55, p. m.

FOR OLD ORCHARD AND PORTLAND 9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sundays 8.00, a. m.

FOR NORTH CONWAY, 9.55, a. m., 2.45 p. m.

FOR SOMERSWORTH, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45 5.30 p. m.

FOR ROCHESTER, 9.55 a. m., 2.40, 2.45 5.30 p. m.

FOR DOVER, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.20, 2.40, 5.22 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.48 a. m., 8.57 p. m.

FOR NORTH HAMPTON AND HAMPTON 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m Sundays 8.00 a. m, 5.00 p. m.

Trains for PORTSMOUTH.

LEAVE BOSTON, 7.30, 8.00, 10.10 a. m. 12.30, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00, p. m.

LEAVE PORTLAND, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45 6.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.00 a. m. 12.45 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH CONWAY, 7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.

LEAVE ROCHESTER, 7.19, 9.47 a. m. 3.50, 6.25 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m.

LEAVE SOMERSWORTH, 6.35, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.38 p. m.

LEAVE DOVER, 6.50, 10.24 a. m. 1.40, 4.50, 6.35, 9.20 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 a. m., 9.25 p. m.

LEAVE HAMPTON, 9.22, 11.53 a. m 2.13, 4.59, 6.16 p. m. Sundays 6.26, 10.06 a. m., 8.09 p. m.

LEAVE NORTH HAMPTON, 9.28, 11.5 a. m., 2.19, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE GREENLAND, 9.35 a. m. 12.05 2.25, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sundays, 6.35, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:—

Portsmouth, 8.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.25 p. m

Greenland Village 8.39 a. m., 12.54 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction, 9.07 a. m. 1.07 5.55 p. m.

Epping, 9.22 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.

Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester, 8.30, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m

Raymond, 9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping, 9.22 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction, 9.47 a. m., 12.17 5.53 p. m.

Greenland Village, 10.01 a. m., 12.29, 6.06 p. m.

☞ Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston.* Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

☞ Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

SPRING TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 22, 1900.

Until further notice cars will run as follows:

Leave Ferry Landing, Kittery, for York Beach—7 00, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00, 11 00, a. m., 12 00 m; 1 00, 2 00, 3 00, 4 00 5 00, 6 00, 7 00, 8 00, 9 00, 10 00 p m

For Seavey's in—6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m; 12 30, 1 30, 2 30 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30 9 30, 11 00 p m.

Leave York Beach for Portsmouth—7 00, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30, 10 30, 11 30 a m; 12 30, 1 30, 2 30, 3 30, 4 30, 5 30, 6 30, 7 30, 8 30, 9 30 p m.

For Kittery only, 10 30.

The ferry steamer leaves the Spring market landing every half hour from 6 30 a m to 10 30 p m, making close connections with cars scheduled to leave ferry landing, Kittery, leaving ten minutes before the even hour and half hour.

Sunday time same as on week days, except that the first car leaves ferry landing, Kittery, at 8 00 a m and York Beach at 7 30 a m.

For special and extra cars address

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Manager.

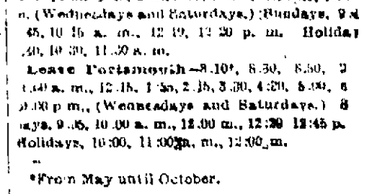
GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Ferry yard—8 00*, 8 30, 8 40, 9 15, 10 00 1 45 p. m. 2 45, 3 00, 4 00 4 45, 5 15, 7 30 p. m. (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) (Sundays, 9 45, 10 15 a. m., 12 10, 12 20 p. m. Holidays 9 40, 10 30, 11 30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8 10*, 8 50, 8 50, 9 10 a. m., 12 15, 1 55, 2 15, 3 30, 4 20, 5 00, 6 00 p m., (Wednesdays and Saturdays.) 8 days, 9 05, 10 00 a. m., 12 00 m., 12 30 12 45 p. Holidays, 10 00, 11 00 a. m., 12 00 m.

*From May until October.



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Fabric Glove,

Lisle Thread and Silk,

25, 50 and 75 Cents.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,

7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

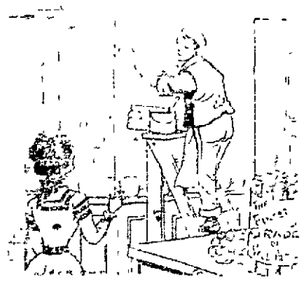
Sprocketsalways in line.

Road Racer, $50;
Track Racer, $60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to $5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner

0 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

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Real Estate Agency,

32 Congress Street.

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BEST 10c. CIGAR

In The Market.

S. GRYZMISH, MFG.

Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

The Exeter Cycle club took a run to this city on Sunday.

The golf links have a crowd of devotees about every day now.

Quite a number of Yacht club craft were out cruising on Sunday.

You should mail this week's *New Hampshire Gazette* to your friends.

A lodge of the Knights of Malta will probably soon be established in this city.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

The protracted wet weather has been particularly hard on the newly arrived chickens this spring.

Fourth of July is less than six weeks away, but nothing has been suggested about any observance in this city.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article

Cars were run every half hour, in threes, on the Rye line, Sunday afternoon, and all were pretty compactly filled on each trip.

Lots of money made on New York Stock Exchange with $30. Send for particulars. ARCHIBALD AINSLIE, 34 Broadway, New York.

This week's *New Hampshire Gazette* will contain portraits of Col. R. N. Elwell, Dr. J. Alonzo Greene, Hon. Stephen S. Jewett and General S. H. Gale.

The annual meeting of the trustees of the DeMerritt fund, for choice of a beneficiary as provided under the will of Mrs. Martha A DeMerritt, will be held on Wednesday, June 13th.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Sailed, May 26—Schooners Sadie A. Kimball, Clara B Kennard for Boston; steamer Santuit for Newport News.

Sailed, May 27—Tug Piscataqua and barges Exeter, York and P. N. Co No. 6, for Boston.

Arrived, May 27—Tug Piscataqua and barges Berwick, Dover and P. N. Co. No 6, from Boston, the latter barge for Saco.

In harbor, May 28—Schooners T A Stewart, New York for Saco; George F. Keene, Boston for Mt. Desert; Progress, Redington for New Bedford; Mary E. Pennell, Beverly for Harrington; Mary Stuart, Gloucester for Bangor; Julia Baker, Bangor for Boston; Forrest Belle, Westfleet for Machias; A. Hayford, Boston for Belfast; Ben Hur, do, Damariscotta; Eastern Light, do, Jonesport; Ethel F. Merriam, do, Rockland, Ida, Scituate for Milbridge; Abigil Haynes, Bangor for New York; H. Curtis, Port Reading for White Head; Victory, Boston for Portland; Gold Hunter, do, Portland, S. Sawyer, do Rockland; Florida, do.

Arrived, May 28—Schooners Nellie F. Sawyer, New York, for York; Pemaquid, Boston for Kittery; United States lighthouse steamer Geranium, cruising.

THE REMODELED FREEMAN'S OYSTER HOUSE.

Those who have been in a habit of visiting the famous Freeman Oyster house for the past fifty years will have nothing but words of praise for the new proprietor, George Boss.

The ladies' and gents' parlors have been remodeled and newly furnished throughout and the place is without exception the most up-to-date place in the city. The house has for years catered to the best trade in the city and the ladies' parlors is just the place for ladies who are on a shopping tour to get a nice lunch.

Mr. Boss has added steaks and chops to the list of dishes which are cooked to order and you can get a hot lunch at short notice.

JONES VS LAWSON.

The entry list to the early closing events show that Frank Jones has named Idohia and T. W Lawson Baralma in the classes for 2 12 trotters at Cleveland, Columbus, Buffalo, Providence and Hartford, while in the $10,000 Massachusetts purse at Readville, the same class, in which starters are yet to be named, both gentlemen have made nominations. It would seem therefore that the Jones Lawson battle for colt supremacy would begin early and last late Manchester Mirror.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement day at the New Hampshire college, Durham, will fall upon June 6th this year. The orator of the occasion will be Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

YACHTSMEN'S CLOSE CALL.

Their Boat Overturned Off Odierne's Point.

Life Saving Crew Promptly Put Off To Their Aid.

John Holman's Sloop Was Fortunately Near and Effected a Rescue.

Three members of the Portsmouth Yacht club were capsized while cruising between Odierne's Point and Whales back light, about three o'clock Sunday afternoon, and but for the proximity of another club boat, the episode might have proved disastrous.

The unfortunate yachtsmen were John Pethic, James Lee and Oren Bartlett, all prominently connected with the club. They were on Lee's boat, which was running before the wind, with a free sheet, when she was suddenly over turned.

Pethic was put into the most perilous position, a grasp on the center board alone saving him from sliding bodily into the sea. Bartlett braced himself in some way and got a pretty good grip upon Pethic. Lee was in no immediate danger.

The capsizing of the craft was seen at the Jerry's Point life saving station and a boat put off at once to the aid of the three men. The work of rescue, however, fell to another club trio—John Holman, Augustus Dondero and Herman Sides,—who were close by on Holman's sloop. Other yachting craft were in the vicinity, but Holman's was closest to the overturned boat.

Such were the annoying conditions of wind and sea, that it was a considerable time before Holman could bring his sloop within working distance of the submerged craft. Finally a line was thrown over and Lee grabbed it. It was then comparatively easy to pull the three on board the sloop.

Pethic's grasp on the centreboard had been fast weakening for quite a while and the rescuers arrived just about in time.

The three were taken to Jerry's Point, where they were given dry clothing by the life savers, and then came up to town in a team. None was much the worse off except for the chill and scare which naturally attended such an occurrence.

George Ducker was sailing in his catboat, in the vicinity, and tried desperately to pick up the three men. In his endeavors, his boat came very near being swamped.

Lee's catboat, which caused all the trouble, was being brought from Newburyport to this city. She is a new craft and it was her trial trip.

CITIZENS' EDUCATIONAL MEETING.

A meeting under the promotion of the board of instruction, to be held in Philbrick hall Thursday evening, is intended to serve a twofold institution, both local and general, besides bring parents and citizens together on the basis of this common interest. The meeting will be called at eight o'clock, and Mayor McIntire is to preside. The principal speaker will be Supt. Samuel T. Dutton of Brookline, Mass. A chorus of school children will sing and the Conservatory orchestra will play. The committee of arrangements comprises Rev. Lucius H. Thayer, John Pender and Edward H. Adams.

NELSON MAIN LOCKED UP.

Among the three men arrested for drunkenness on Saturday night was Nelson B. Main of York, the man who stole a team in front of the Methodist church in this city three years ago. He had a team from a stable and was well filled with liquor. Knowing the disposition of the man when in the condition he was in, the police thought it was a wise thing to do, to take him into custody.

WANTS TO GO TO SEA.

The police were asked this morning, from Amherst, to be on the lookout for a thirteen year old boy who has left his home with the intention of going to sea He was described as being large for one of his age and dressed in blue overalls, a brown coat and a plaid cap. He is of French parentage.

NO LIQUOR FOUND.

This was a pretty dry town on Sunday, if the findings of the police can be accepted as any sort of a criterion. The officers made the usual rounds, but failed to discover any signs of illegal liquor selling. Neither hard nor soft stuff was in sight.

FEW SAW IT.

The Extreme Eclipse Was Not Much of an Exhibition to People.

It was not necessary to get out a piece of smoked glass to observe the eclipse of the sun this morning. A piece of sheet iron or a brick would have been of just as much use, as far as a general view of the solar exhibition was concerned. For a short time, in fact a few seconds, at about ten minutes of nine, the black clouds that were rolled across the heavens long before the sun was up, parted, and the crescent light was seen by a few who were watching for the opportunity.

There was a grand rush from stores and offices and a unison of upturned faces when the announcement was shouted that the sight could be seen, but the brief interval was ended before most of the curious could get into a position to take a look.

At that time, the eclipse was nearly at the extreme for this section and it was quite dusky. In the west there was a very black bank of clouds and the wind, which was from the east, had a shiver in every gust and the air had a smell like midnight dampness.

It was necessary to use lights and in many offices and in some of the stores that do not light up during the ordinary overcast and dull days, and the darkness had that peculiar and weird character of such events.

But eleven-twelfths of the sun was hidden by the passing moon, for this section, and the time and phases as computed from the station in Concord were as follows and answer practically for this city, also:

Time of beginning, standard time, 7.52. Middle, 9 03. End, 10.28. Time of duration, two hours and thirty six minutes.

Taken altogether, the affair was not a satisfactory one and we must wait until the next time that old Sol hides himself and hope that the weather man will keep back the curtain of clouds while the performance is in progress.

DELIGHTFUL GATHERING.

Young Daughter of General Manager W. G. Meloon of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York Electric Railroad Entertains.

The residence of General Manager W. G. Meloon of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York electric railroad, and wife, of Kittery, was the scene of a pretty little gathering on Saturday afternoon, when May, their little daughter, observed her eighth birthday and entertained a number of her young friends. The little ones were given a dainty lunch and for two hours they were right royally entertained by the charming young hostess. The lawn in front of their residence presented a beautiful picture while the little ones were enjoying themselves. The guests left many little remembrances of the occasion and the afternoon was delightfully spent The following were present: Miss Guida Hopkins, Miss Marguerite Stoddard, Miss Georgine Moses, Miss Barbara Flanagan, Misses Emma and Beatrice Hartford, Stanley and Philip Trafton, of this city; Miss Ruth Bartlett, Miss Elsie Mitchell, Miss Bessie Glidden and Flossie Philbrick of Kittery.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral services of George B. French were held at the home, No. 33 Middle street, on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. There was an unusually large attendance, such an outpouring of citizens as would naturally be expected at the obsequies of a business man who has been prominent in the commercial life of the city for the past forty years.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. Henry E. Hovey, pastor of St. John's Episcopal church. The procession to the grave attracted universal attention on account of its length, about every hack in the city being pressed into use to accommodate the mourners.

It was a most fitting tribute to one who has contributed in a very large measure to the upbuilding of the prosperity of Portsmouth. The committal service at the grave was conducted by Rev. Mr. Hovey. The impressive Masonic rites were carried out by a delegation from St John's lodge. The interment was in Sagamore cemetery. Undertaker H. W. Nickerson had charge of the funeral and burial arrangements.

Seldom are so many and so beautiful floral tributes seen at a funeral, as were grouped about the casket on Sunday. They comprised about every variety of timely flower, arranged in all sorts of lovely ways.

The bearers were: James H. Dow, Ralph Parker, Stacey Hall and Arthur E. Richardson.

The funeral of Mary A., widow of Andrew Kennsy, was held at her home at Freemans Point Monday afternoon, Rev. Thomas Whiteside, pastor of the Methodist church officiating. The remains were taken to Newington for interment in the family lot.

BIG JOB FOR SMALL BOYS.

Six Freight Cars Broken Open by Four Youngsters

They Drink Stolen Wine And do Lots of Damage

They Also Carry Away Considerable Plunder Sunday

Four small boys, three of them being only twelve years of age and one only nine, broke into six freight cars at the Boston & Maine railroad yard on Sunday afternoon.

The plunder that they secured makes a long list and the damage they did to the freight amounts to quite a sum. They held high carnival amid their possessions and from seven bottles of wine drank enough to become hilarious, then stupid and then dead drunk.

The boys were arrested this morning and told the story of their raid to the city marshal.

The boys are Howard Call, George Fowler and Charles Hutchins, aged twelve years each and Everett Staples, three years younger. With a jackknife they cut the wires of the seals to the doors and then started to help themselves to what suited their fancy.

Among the things they confess to stealing are a box of tea, three dozen oranges, two boxes of citron, seven bottles of valuable wine and some soda biscuits.

They smashed two carboys of vitriol in one car and did damage to other articles amounting to $25, aside from the loss of the vitriol.

They will be arraigned in police court this afternoon for breaking and entering and are likely to go to the reform school.

A WILD RIDE ON HORSEBACK

The "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" is not to be classed with the ride of Captain T. H. Low, U. S. M. C, on a broncho across the Parade and up Congress street Saturday afternoon.

The captain left the marine barracks on his steed and when passing the corner of Bow street the horse grabbed the bits and started at break neck speed and it was an exciting scene that followed. Dr W. O. Junkins and others had a narrow escape from being run down.

It was a wild ride for the captain and he did not bring his horse to a halt until he reached the Plains tavern.

DESERVES ATTENTION.

The subject of Samuel T. Dutton at the Educational meeting in Philbrick hall next Thursday evening, will be, "The Educational Resources of the Community." The very subject is one that inspires interest and the lecture should receive the attention of every parent and teacher in the city and every person interested in the advancement of educational interests.

CYCLE CLUB'S RUN.

About twenty-five members of the Portsmouth Cycle club took a run to Hampton on Sunday. It was the first of the season. The start was made about noon and the bunch got back to the club rooms about six o'clock. The roads were in fine condition and pretty good time was made each way.

TO CELEBRATE ITS ANNIVERSARY.

The Piscataqua association, No. 5, of the National Association of Stationary Engineers, will celebrate its anniversary at Grand Army hall temorrow evening. Among the speakers will be National President Herbert E. Stone and Prof. Reed of New Hampshire college.

TO SURVEY HENDERSON'S POINT.

The river and harbor bill reported by the senate contains an appropriation for the survey of Henderson's Point. Provision for such an appropriation is embodied in a resolution of Senator Gallinger, which was added to the regular bill.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The following cast will present "The Greatest Plague in Life" at the Rebekah strawberry festival in Odd Fellows' hall tomorrow evening:

Mrs Bustle,	Mrs Charles Holmes
Mary Bustle,	Miss Eva Pike
Grandma Bustle,	Miss Grace M. Kennison
Biddy O'Rafferty,	Miss Carrie Brown
Kitty Clover,	Miss Georgia Wenster
Miss Moonshine,	Mrs. Howard Andersen
Miss Bridget McGuire,	Miss Etta Pike
Hazy Black,	Miss Etta Sides

"Delays are dangerous." Those who have poor, weak, impure blood should take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. It never disappoints.

AT GOODWIN PARK.

Memorial Exercises to Be Held at the Monument.

The following is the order of exercises at the Soldiers and Sailors monument in Goodwin park on Memorial day by General Gilman Marston Command, U. V. U.:

Selection by the band.

Remarks by Col. Charles H. Bessellievre, colonel commanding.

Prayer by Rev. George E. Leighton, chaplain of the day.

Reading of orders by Adjutant Joseph R. Curtis.

Salute to the dead.

Dirge by the band.

Report of the general details decorating graves.

Officers tributes to the dead.

Remarks by Past Col. John P. Tibbetts.

"America," by the band.

Benediction by the chaplain.

PERSONALS

Calvin Dunbar passed Saturday in Boston.

Justin V. Hanscom was a visitor in Boston on Saturday.

Rev. C. J. Fowler preached at the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

Pay Clerk H. E. Minkler, U. S. N., is passing a few days at Newport, R. I.

William H. Keepers of Marston's island, left this morning for Niagara Falls.

Mrs. A. K. W. Green and Miss Grace Kennison passed Saturday and Sunday in Boston.

Fred J. Allen left the Cottage hospital on Saturday, after having recovered from quite a severe operation.

Frank Ham is recovering finely from his attack of congestion of the brain and is now able to be up from bed a part of the time.

OBITUARY.

Lucilla P. Wilson.

Lucilla Pickering Wilson died at her home in Newington on Sunday, aged twenty seven years. She was the daughter of the late Franklin A. Pickering and a sister of Dr. S. F. A. Pickering of this city.

OUTING AT NEWINGTON.

The Piscataqua club had an outing at the John Knight farm in Newington on Sunday. About thirty went up, using a barge and a buckboard. A fine chowder was enjoyed.

We will send you prepaid in a plain box.... 4 Qt. Bottles

OF OUR FAMOUS

Stag Rye Whiskey

IF YOU WILL SEND US

$3.00 This whiskey is made from the finest Maryland Rye at our own distillery in Baltimore. The care we take in selecting only the choicest grain and purest spring water for distilling and our facilities for storing in heated warehouses, till age, flavor and body are just right, make STAG the best whiskey for family and medicinal use. Try it.

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For neat and attractive Printing there is no better place.

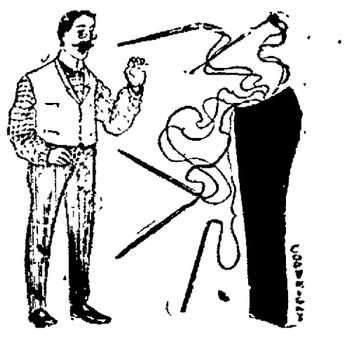
Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.



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And there's no better goods anywhere than those we present for inspection Oxfords, cashmeres, worsteds and tweeds—solid colors, stripes invisible plaids and checks in refined and pleasing designs.

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Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanila, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

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A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

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18 Bow Street, Portsmouth

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